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No. 142 April '71

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

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ON THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 29, 1969

PETER MURKEY

AN AMATEUR HYPNOTIST, AMAZED HIS FRIENDS BY ACTUALLY PUTTING

34 MILLION PEOPLE

TO SLEEP WITH ONE QUICK MOVEMENT OF HIS HAND!

IT WAS WHILE HE WAS PERFORMING HIS NIGHTTIME JOB AS AN ABC-TV ENGINEER WHEN HE FLICKED THE SWITCH WHICH SHOWED THE PREMIERE EPISODE OF "*THE SURVIVORS*"!

NUMBER 142 APRIL 1971

MAD

"If you want to see 85, don't look for it on the speedometer!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—April, 1971, Vol. 1, No. 142 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 15 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A. 15 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for changes of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1971 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

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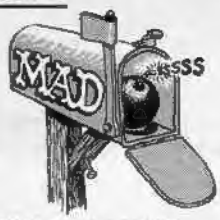
LETTERS DEPT.



DORIS DAZE SHOW

"The Doris Daze Show" was great! I just wish they'd show your version on TV instead of the real thing.

Dan Needham
Leavenworth, Kansas

There's only one problem with your "Doris Daze Show." In the second panel, she had 174 freckles. In panel four, 176 freckles. I hope Angelo Torres will attend to his art work next time.

Greg Keilin
Foster City, Calif.

Doris Day is a clean, wholesome person, and if that's a crime, we're in sad shape.

Gregory Ingram
Washington, D.C.

GRAVE MEANING

Your back cover "ad" for Winsom was like a breath of fresh air.

Bruce Allen
Ridgewood, N.J.

A brilliant takeoff on one of the most moronic ad campaigns I have ever seen (the "good grammar or good taste" idiocy). Another great anti-smoking triumph!

Leonard Lipton
Bronx, N.Y.

The "Winsom" ad was the greatest anti-smoking thing you've done! I see that you still don't want people to commit suicide with cigarettes. You'd rather have them die laughing!

David Ira Rutman
N. Miami Beach, Fla.

FOOTBALL FAN

"You Know You're Really A Football Fan When..." you put down your MAD Magazine to watch the Boston-Buffalo game.

Kevin Healy
New Britain, Conn.

...you roll up a copy of MAD and *pass it* into the trash can!

Steve Rollbuhler
Elyria, Ohio

MAD CHRISTMAS CARDS

Your article "MAD Christmas Cards From Celebrities" was utterly fantastic. Mayhaps I might purchase a box from you next year, so get busy printing!

Jeff Ward
Worcester, Mass.

Max Brandel couldn't have done a better job!

Jim Lozen
Linden, Mich.

"PUT★ON" PATTER

"Put★on" was the most enjoyable piece of literature I've read in ages. As a member of the armed forces, I must say that men like Put★on have made the Army what it is today. How's that for an ambiguity?

SP4 Dennis McCann
Fort Ord, Calif.

Thank God there's someone *else* who saw the sickness in "Patton" that I saw.

Debby Appel
Yeadon, Pa.

I thought your satire on "Patton" was fantastic! My uncle says the article by Siegel was closer to the truth than the movie. My uncle was one of the men Patton told: "We're going on a very dangerous mission. If anyone wants to withdraw, take six steps forward. But it anyone takes those six steps, he'll be shot!" This is a great general???

Mike Nichols
Northwest Missouri State
Maryville, Mo.

Your satire on "Patton" was in extreme poor taste. You portray Patton as a sadist, which he wasn't. He was a soldier doing his job in time of war. The object of a war is to kill the enemy before he kills you. I agree Patton got the last drop of blood out of a man, but this is how he won battles for America. Patton would have taken Berlin if Eisenhower hadn't told him to wait for Russia and then go in together. I've enjoyed your magazine, but this satire was the worst.

Jeff Pecsok
S. Euclid, Ohio

"Put★on" shows Larry Siegel's inimitable way of preserving the good parts of a movie, while ridiculing the bad parts of the movie, thereby making his satires of films even more entertaining than the films themselves. Kudos to Mort Drucker's brilliant caricatures, also.

Jim Bordner
Woodburn, Ind.

Congratulations to that bunch of MAD-men who wrote "Put★on." President Nixon is alleged to have made his decision to send our troops into Cambodia after having seen the movie "Patton." Perhaps, if our President based his decisions on MAD satires, instead of trashy Hollywood extravaganzas, this country might turn out O.K.

Sam Freedman
Highland Park, N.J.

The creators of "Put★on" should be given a PAT ON the back for writing such !&?%&!? good satire.

Patti Smisson
Columbus, Ga.

In your story about General Put★on, at the end of World War II, you show the Joint Chiefs of Staff fiendishly plotting the up and coming wars, including Vietnam. That's remarkably far-sighted of them, since it was called "Indo-China" in those days.

Stephen Porter
W. Los Angeles, Calif.

Stephen, just another glowing example of MAD's alert Counter-Intelligence!—Ed.

MAD DRUG PRIMER

Your "The MAD Blow-Your-Mind Drug Primer" was an excellent (and bitter) satire on the drug problem in the world today. Your concluding conjecture, as to what becomes of all the money that is voted for Drug Rehabilitation, is a tragic thing which is often ignored by those who are capable of helping.

Mark Hinckey
Marge Champagne
Webster, Mass.

I'm a Pharmacist who happened across your "Drug Primer" and intend to read your magazine with more frequency in the future. It is a crying shame that the older generation is such a rabble of hypocrites. You pointed out this fact very nicely. Parents and adults in general can't point an accusing finger as long as they depend on alcohol (a drug), sleeping pills and tranquilizers to get them through the day.

John R. Wood
North Miami, Fla.

Bob Clarke and Sy Reit have shown our so-called Vanishing America in just three pages with their "Drug Primer." It's true! By 1971, America and its people have become a satire. But at least the MAD-men see it as it is!

Andrea Wolos
Mineola, N.Y.

Every chapter in your "Drug Primer," unfortunately, is very true and very relevant. Though I like to laugh at MAD articles, that one was *so* thought-provoking, I couldn't laugh. Congratulations on an excellent satire knocking *both sides* of the drug issue.

Betsy Butler
Houston, Texas

"The MAD Blow-Your-Mind Drug Primer" was great and deserves HIGH praise.

Christina Neumann
Central Islip, N.Y.

BIRD BRAINED?

Sergio Aragones' "A MAD Look At Birds" hit me right in the eye!

Alan Cantor
Montreal, Quebec,
Canada

ADVICE COLUMNS

"Advice Columns Throughout History" was funny! Now here's some advice for you fellows at the publishing desk: keep up the good work!

Pam Smith
Lawrence, Kansas

With reference to your "Advice Columns Throughout History," Oedipus was from *Thebes*, not Athens!

David Kennedy
Bethesda, Md.

Funny, we didn't have a change of address on him!—Ed.

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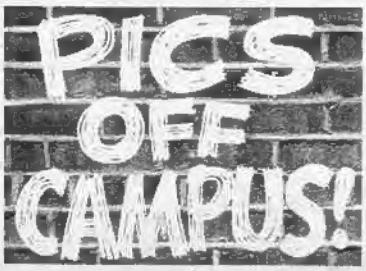


Yep, you cannot get these full color pics of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What--Me Worry?" kid, on campus! You have to get them off campus, direct from us! So, no matter how much you protest, if you want 'em for framing (or wrapping fish), you gotta mail 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

EXTREMIST UNCTION DEPT.

Remember "West Side Story" and its tough-talking teenage gangs who started rumbles, and danced, and sang songs to Officer Krupke? Well, a lot has happened in the last few years, and the young extremists of today who occupy whole city blocks and take on hundreds of police sure make the gangs in "West Side Story" look like a bunch of little old ladies. Which is our sneaky way of letting you know that MAD is about to present its new, up-dated version of that famous musical:

WEST

Act 1, Scene 1: A Meeting Of The "RATS", A Group Of Militant Extremist Freaks

COAST STORY

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

You love to attend
A peace march that is quiet;
Before it can end,
The march becomes a riot;
You crucify it!

When you're a Rat
You're politically wise;
Any man voted in
Is a man to despise!

When you're a Rat
You're where
It's at!

*Sung to the tune of *"The Jet's Song"*

When you're a Rat
Always scream what you mean;
Just make sure that the words
That you scream are obscene!

You love to incite
The younger generation;
With luck you'll ignite
A bloody demonstration;
That's confrontation!

Here come the Rats
Screaming through the U.S.
And we'll keep making waves
Till it's one rotten mess . . .

Just a big—
Ugly— Filthy—
Rotten— Mess!

Okay, gang! Up to now we've been playing **footsie** with the Establishment! Wrecking political conventions, turning legitimate peace marches into riots, blowing up banks, pouring glue into computers—that's just **kid stuff!** We gotta start hitting the squares where it'll hurt 'em the **most!**

Like how . . . ?

Like we gotta **ruin** their **LEISURE TIME!**

I got it all planned! Next week we're going to start a **power failure** during "The Red Skelton Show"! After that we're gonna begin an intensified **graffiti** campaign which links Jim Nabors with cancer! Then we'll **booby-trap** barbecue pits in suburbia!

But what about **now?** Like what can we mess up **today?**

Today we're gonna smash the supreme symbol of American decadence! We're gonna show our might by taking over **Disneyland!**

** With might, with might,*
We'll fix the squares with might;
With might they'll know that we're here to stay!

With might, with might,
They'll have to face our might,
And we'll smash any Pig in our way!

With might
They never will repel us,
'Cause should they ever smell us
They'll lose their will to fight!

Up-tight
With fright,
They'll split the bloody scene we ignite
With might!

*Sung to the tune of *"Tonight"*

Act 1, Scene 2
The Police Barricade at Disneyland

Just look at the **rotten punks!** Look how they're lined up, screaming at us, hoping we'll **over-react!**

Yeah, the Rats really mean business!

I'm not talking about the **Rats!** I'm talking about the **newspaper** and **TV reporters!**

** Spray some Mace for us,*
Right in their face for us!
Make some copy that we can use
For the evening news!

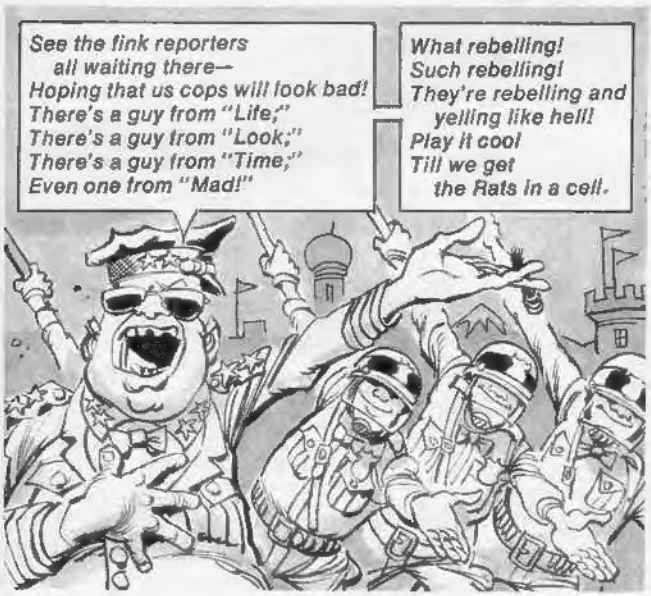
Bust some heads for us!
Make photo spreads for us!
Swing your clubs and tonight you'll see
Every one of you on TV!

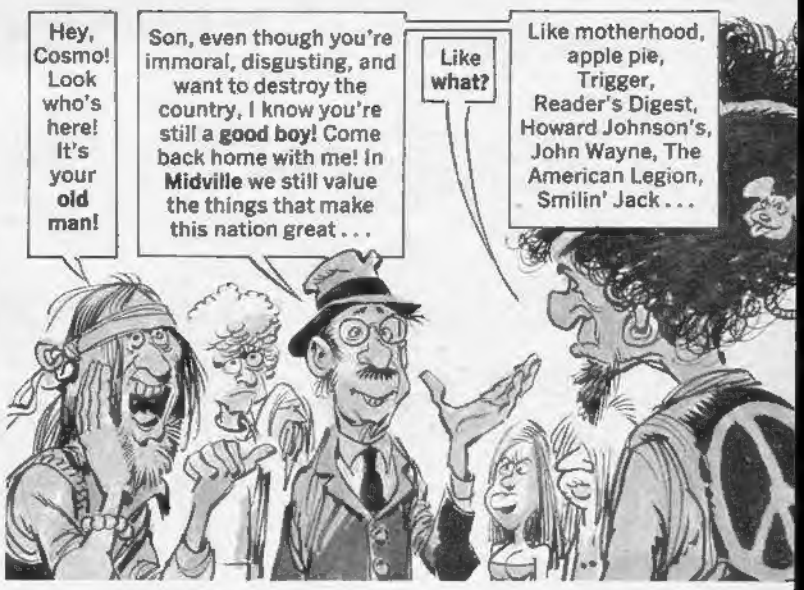
Right now!
Don't wait!
You'll make a big front-page headline!
Please don't forget we've a deadline!

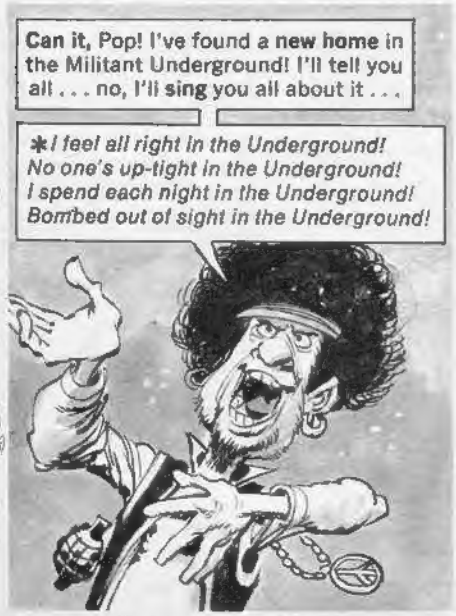
Crunch a skull for us!
Don't make it dull for us!
If you drive them berserk with rage,
It will fill the amusement page!

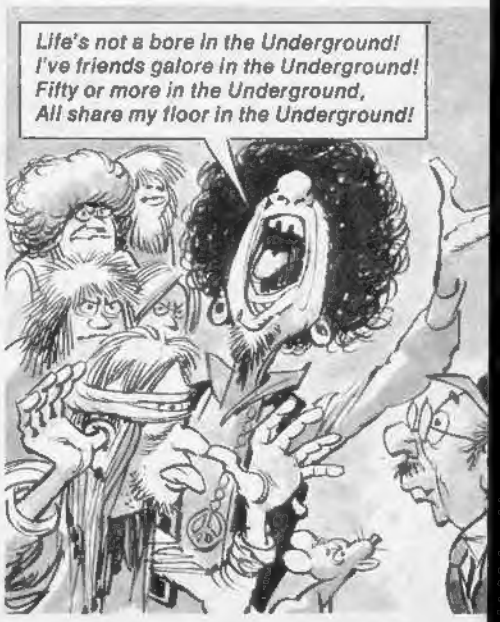
Don't wait!
Move in!
Right now!

*Sung to the tune of *"There's A Place For for Us"*









*Sung to the tune of *"I Like It Here In America"*

Weekdays are fun times in Midville!
If you go on I may be ill!
Saturday night is a real ball!
Sure! Sipping Cokes at the Rexall!
Life is no sweat in the Underground!
No one's in debt in the Underground!
Like, man, we're set in the Underground!
Welfare we get in the Underground!
WELFARE CHECK
PAY TO COSMO
SEVENTY FIVE
75.00
You'll like the fast pace in Midville!
Midville's in need of a pep-pill!
Just simple people in our town!
"Simple's" an accurate put down!
Everyone knows in the Underground!
Anything goes in the Underground!
Actors give shows in the Underground!
Sometimes with clothes in the Underground!
TICKETS
GUARD
We've entertainment in Midville!
I'm sure that finding it takes skill!
We pick our movies with great care!
Someday the "talkies" will get there!
We make out great in the Underground!
You're out-of-date in the Underground!
You're much too late for the Underground!
That's why you squares hate the Underground!
Act 2, Scene 1 The California Governor's Mansion
We're in trouble! The Rats have just taken over Disneyland!
Why didn't the cops stop them?
They were too busy busting skulls!
Of whom?
The newsmen!
We've got to make Governor Reagan act!
Hollywood couldn't— how can we?
Where is he, anyway?
Where else? In his private screening room applauding himself in "King's Row!"
QUIET
SCREENING ROOM
Governor Reagan, the Rats are revolutionizing Disneyland! They've replaced Davy Crockett with Che Guevara in Frontierland! They've turned the Seven Dwarfs into Vietcong infiltrators in Fantasyland! And the Journey Through Outer Space is now an Acid Trip in Tomorrowland!
POP CORN
50¢

Gentlemen, this is a time for reason, cool heads, and understanding! Therefore . . .

* *Militia*
I'll have to call up the Militia!
The troops are trained to kill
And they could use a drill,
You see!

Militia!
I'll just have to send the Militia!
They'll march with flags unfurled
Just like they're fighting World War III!

Militia!
Set 'em loose and the law they'll maintain there!
If they don't, then I'll just send John Wayne there!
Militia!
I'm going to call the Militia!

*Sung to the tune of *"Maria"*

But if you send in the Militia, there'll be shooting and destruction!

Disneyland will be torn to bits!

You're right! we can't let Disneyland die! It's a living monument to American inventiveness, ingenuity, and greed! There's only one thing to do! The **Establishment** must go to the Rats and appeal to their patriotic instincts!

Act 2, Scene 2
The Rat's Command Post at Disneyland

Hey Cosmo! There's a big delegation from the Establishment at the main gate! They wanna make a deal!

While I'm gone, finish re-decorating Cinderella's Castle with the quotations of Mao tse-Tung!

So what's on your mind, Guv?

America needs Disneyland! Leave quietly and give us back Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse!

No deal!

We'll compromise—Tinkerbell and five dwarfs!

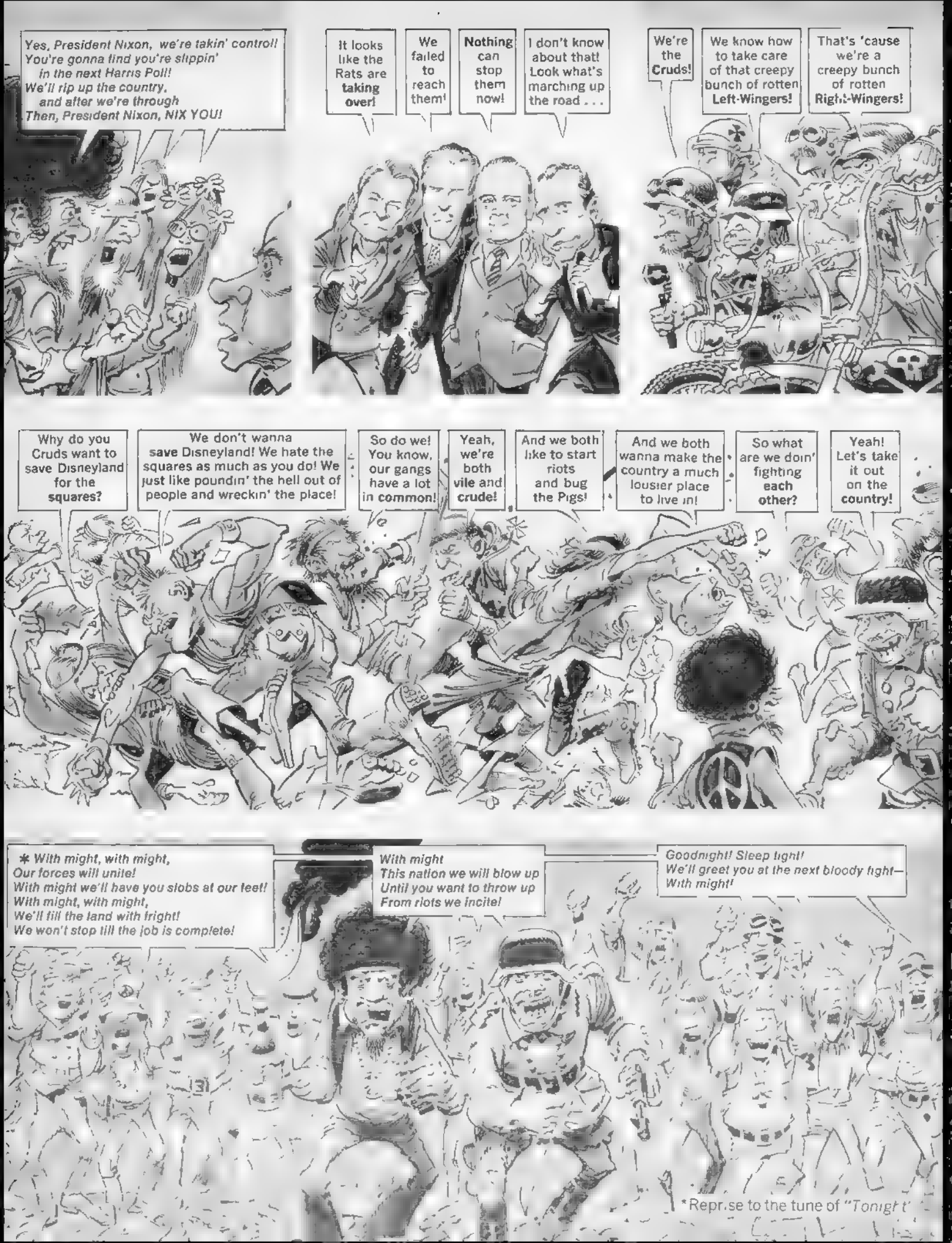
You're wastin' your time, and I'll tell you why . . .

* *Dear kindly Ronald Reagan,*
Forgive us if we're frank;
We saw you on the Late Show—
Like, man, you really stank!
You lost one for "The Gipper!"
You bombed in "Brother Rat!"
Sac-ra-men-to! Now look where you're at!

Yeah!

*Sung to the tune of *"Officer Krupke"*

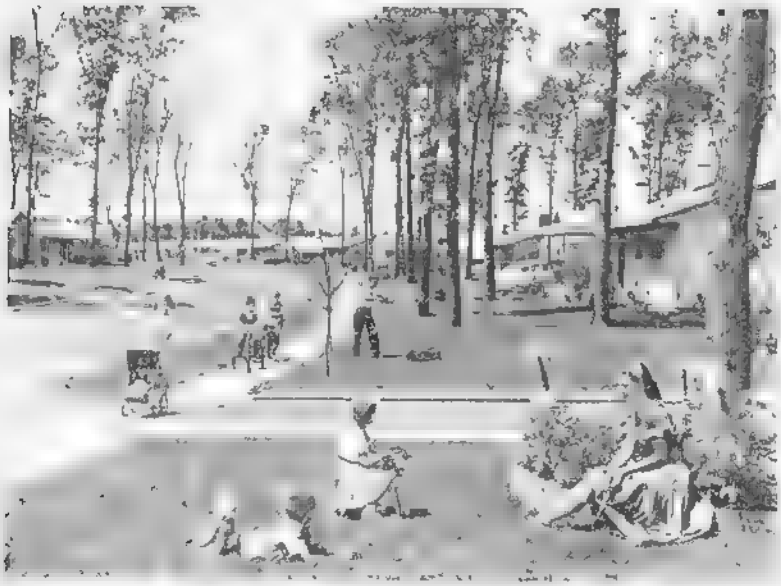
Governor Reagan, we've just got to say
Perhaps your worst performance
is your one here today!
We'd like to oblige you, but one thing is clear—
You've laid an egg, so we'll stay here!
You'll stay here?
We'll stay here,
we'll stay here,
We'll stay here,
here, here!
We're sincere
when we say
We'll stay here!
If you won't listen to me, maybe you'll listen to J. Edgar Hoover!
Crime doesn't pay! Give yourselves up so we can throw the book at you!
Dear kindly Mister Hoover,
You've had a long career!
In nineteen ninety-seven
We bet you'll still be here!
We know you would be happy
To jail us all for good!
Jumpin' G-Men!
Don't you wish you could!
Hah!
J. Edgar Hoover,
we won't go to jail!
We've got a real smart lawyer
who will free us on bail!
Before we're convicted
and tossed in a cell,
We'll heist a plane
and join Fidel!
Join Fidel?
Join Fidel!
Join Fidel!
We will join
Fidel!
What the hell!
We'll split
and join
Fidel!
I give up! Maybe you can get to them, Billy!
You boys grew up in good homes in fine areas! Despite these disadvantages, it's not too late to save yourselves!
Dear kindly Billy Gra-ham,
Please tell us you're for real!
Or else we might confuse you
With Norman Vincent Peale!
The big-shots like your preaching;
They really make a fuss!
Golly Good Book! Why save punks like us?
Zap!
Reverend Billy, you really ain't hip!
We'll find our own salvation on a wild, acid trip!
We'd rather freak out with Tim Leary instead;
'Cause all of us feel God is dead!
God is dead?
God is dead, God is dead,
God is dead, dead, dead!
Every Rat believes that God is dead!
I can't get through to them! You're our last hope, Mr. President!
Let me make this perfectly clear . . .
Dear kindly Richard Nixon
You've headaches by the score—
Like civil rights and taxes
And Spiro and the war!
Although these weighty problems
May be an awful chore—
Thanks . . . to . . . us . . . You've
got a zillion more!


Yes, President Nixon, we're takin' control! You're gonna find you're slippin' in the next Harris Poll! We'll rip up the country, and after we're through Then, President Nixon, NIX YOU!
It looks like the Rats are taking over!
We failed to reach them!
Nothing can stop them now!
I don't know about that! Look what's marching up the road . . .
We're the Cruds!
We know how to take care of that creepy bunch of rotten Left-Wingers!
That's 'cause we're a creepy bunch of rotten Right-Wingers!
Why do you Cruds want to save Disneyland for the squares?
We don't wanna save Disneyland! We hate the squares as much as you do! We just like poundin' the hell out of people and wreckin' the place!
So do we! You know, our gangs have a lot in common!
Yeah, we're both vile and crude!
And we both like to start riots and bug the Pigs!
And we both wanna make the country a much lousier place to live in!
So what are we doin' fighting each other?
Yeah! Let's take it out on the country!
* With might, with might, Our forces will unite! With might we'll have you slobs at our feet! With might, with might, We'll fill the land with fright! We won't stop till the job is complete!
With might This nation we will blow up Until you want to throw up From riots we incite!
Goodnight! Sleep tight! We'll greet you at the next bloody fight— With might!
*Reprise to the tune of "Tonight"

BETTER READ THAN RED DEPT.

COMMUNISM

AN UP-DATED PHOTOGRAPHIC "MAD LOO TRUTHS" PROCLAIMED BY THE FOUNDING



"The Proletarian is without property . . ."

KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section I

"Bourgeois Society is lacking in heroism. . ."

KARL MARX
The 18th Brumaire Of Louis Bonaparte

"The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims . . ."

KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section IV

"The Proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains . . ."

KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section IV

REVISITED

CONCEIVED BY
MAX BRANDEL

PHOTOS BY
WIDE WORLD U P I

K" AT SOME OF THE SO-CALLED "ETERNAL FATHERS OF THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION

"The Workingmen have no country. We cannot take from them what they have not got . . ."

KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section II

"The ruling ideas of each age have been the ideas of its Ruling Class . . ."

KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section I.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1966.

2 Soviet Authors Are Convicted

Sinyavsky Is Given 7 Years, Daniel 5 at Hard Labor

Court Finds Works Published Abroad Harmed Regime

ON TRIAL: Soviet writers Yuli M. Daniel, left, and Andrei D. Sinyavsky in prisoners' dock, at opening yesterday of Moscow trial charging them with slandering Communism.

"Literature must become a part of the Proletarian cause . . ."

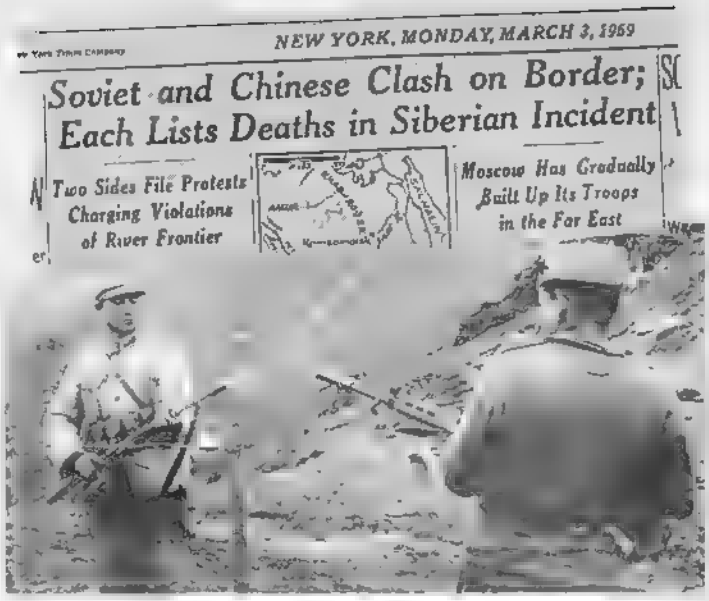
LENIN
Party Organization and Party Literature, "Nowaya Zhizn" (New Life), Nov. 13, 1905

"Capitalism is decaying . . ."

JOSEPH STALIN
Interview With H. G. Wells, July 23, 1934

"Follow your bent, no matter what people say . . ."

KARL MARX
Das Kapital



NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1969

Soviet and Chinese Clash on Border; Each Lists Deaths in Siberian Incident

Two Sides File Protests Charging Violations of River Frontier

Moscow Has Gradually Built Up Its Troops in the Far East

"The hostility of one Nation to another will come to an end . . ."

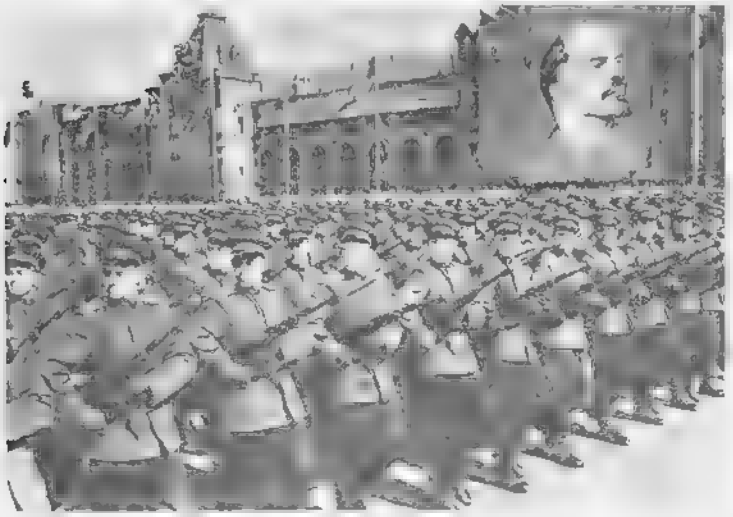
KARL MARX & FRIEDRICH ENGELS
Manifesto Of The Communist Party, Section II

"Man debases himself by idolatry . . ."

KARL MARX
Holy Family

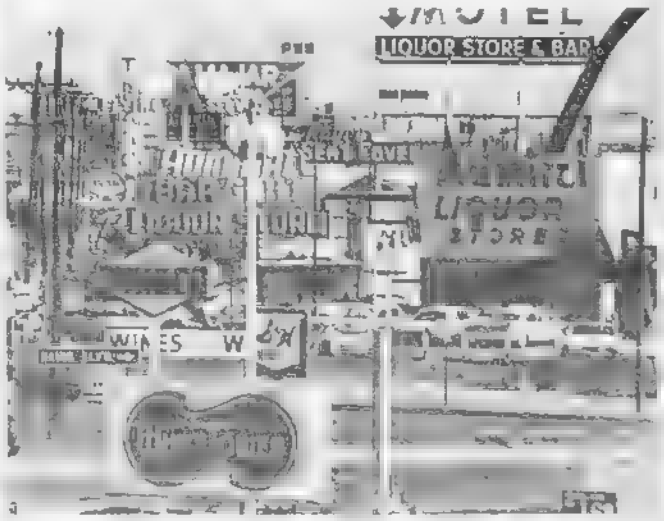
"Can a Nation be free if it oppresses other nations? It can not . . ."

LENIN
Collected Works, 4th Edition, Vol. 20, pg. 413



"Soviet Power is a new type of State in which there is no Bureaucracy, no Police, no Standing Army . . ."

LENIN
Collected Works



"Capitalism will kill competition . . ."

KARL MARX
Quoted in The London Tribune

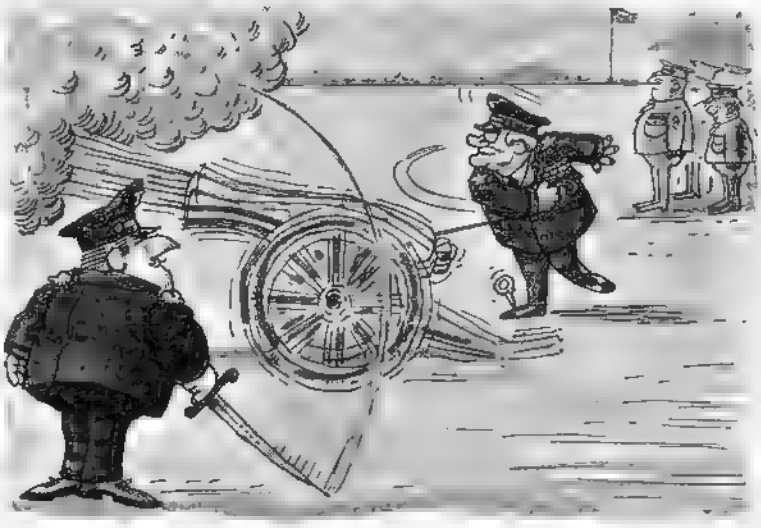
FOWL PLAY DEPT.

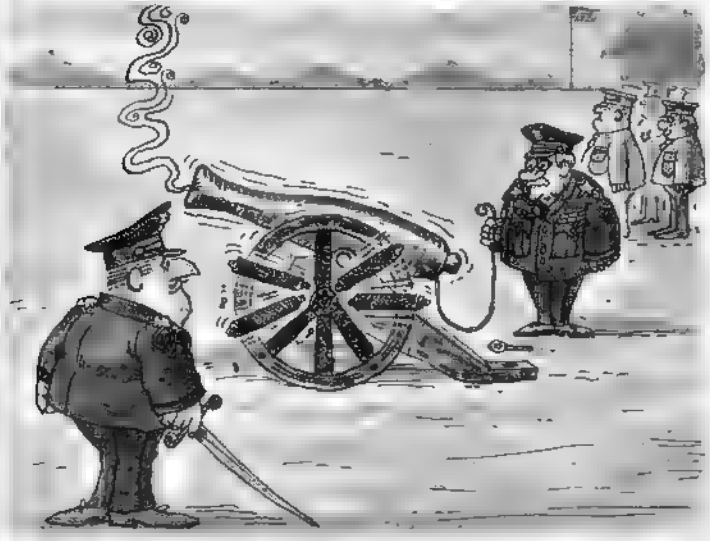
MAJOR HAWKS

HAWKS & DOVES

PRIVATE DOVES

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE





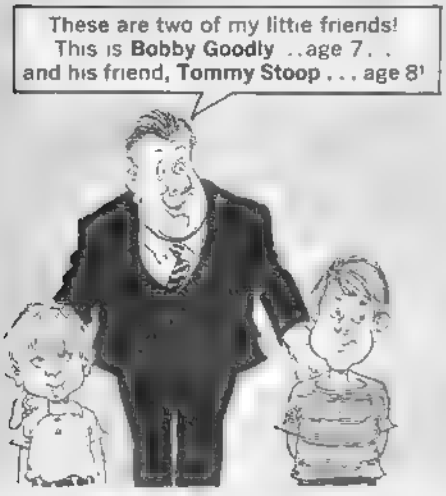
PAIN IN THE ADS DEPT.

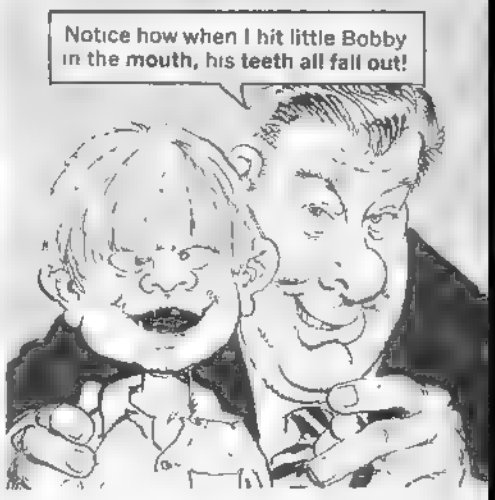
As a result of misguided pressure, violence has virtually disappeared from television. Today, instead of these good old stabbings, hangings, shootings and other assorted heinous killings, TV adversaries now talk each other to death, along with

VIOLENT TV C

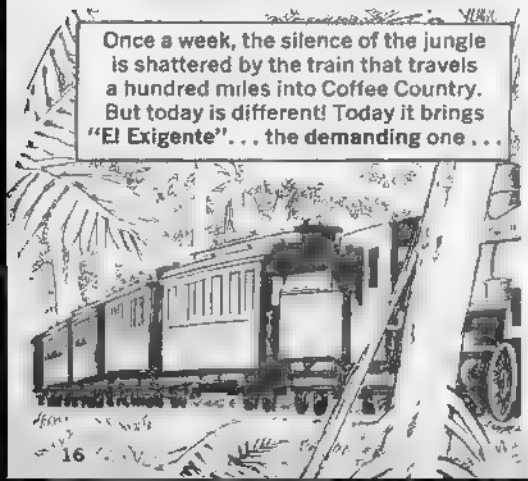
THE COMET COMMERCIAL

THE COLGATE COMMERCIAL





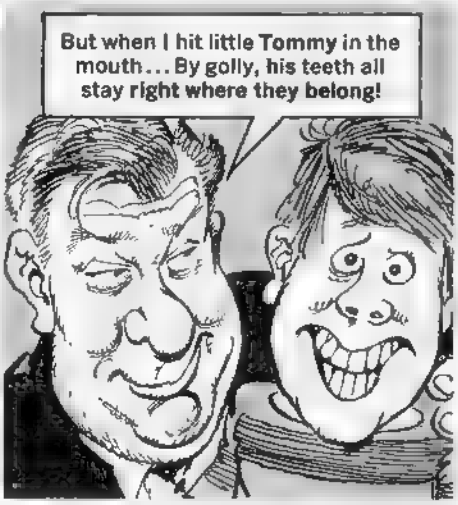
THE SAVARIN COMMERCIAL

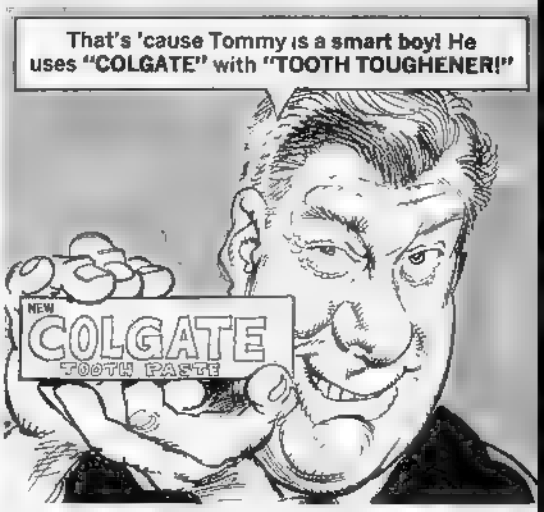


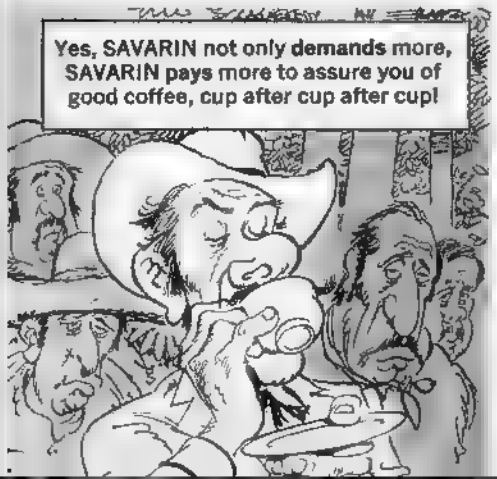
the viewer as well. Which brings us to this article: It seems Madison Avenue is missing a good bet. Why not give the viewing public the violence it craves by slipping it into the Sponsors' messages? Here are some MAD examples of . . .

OMMERCIALS

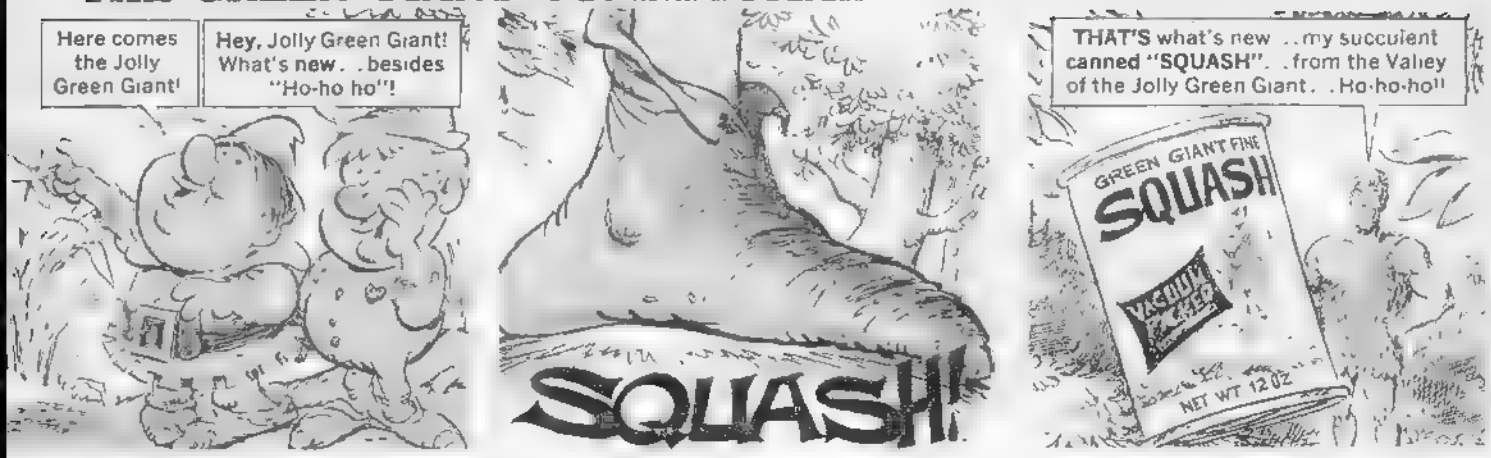
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: EARLE DOUD



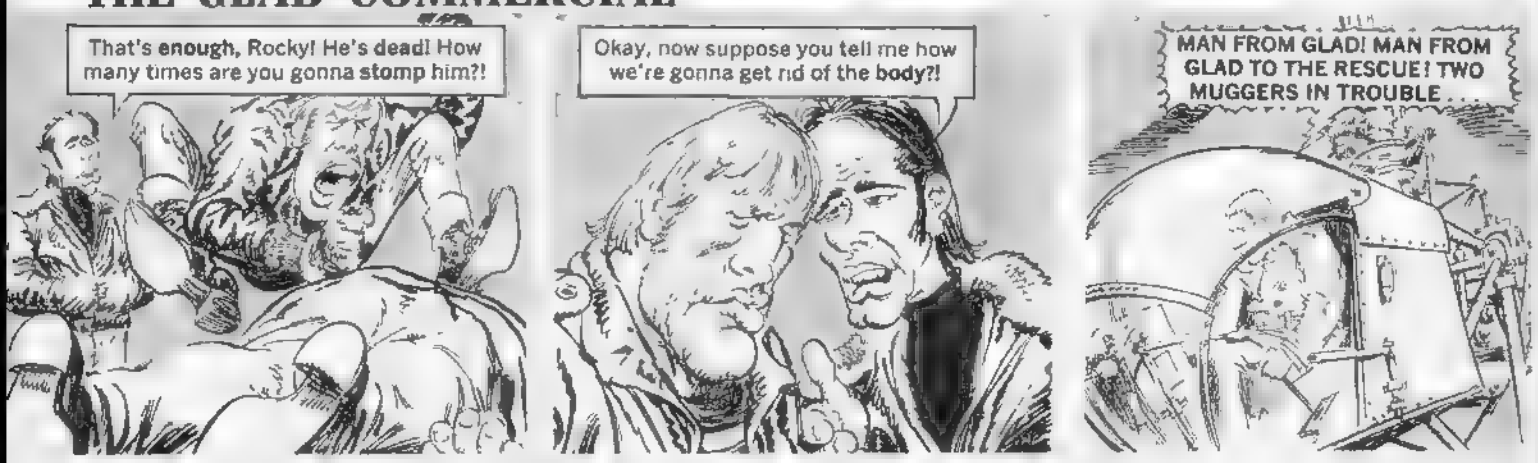




THE GREEN GIANT COMMERCIAL



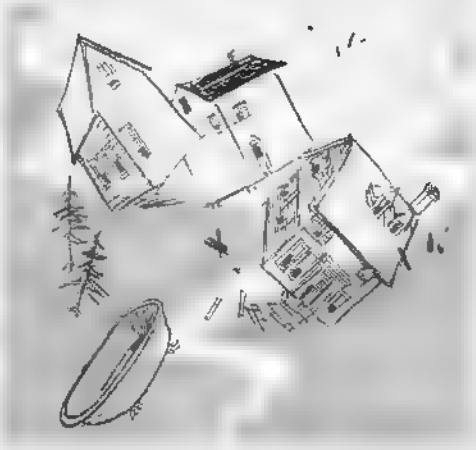
THE GLAD COMMERCIAL

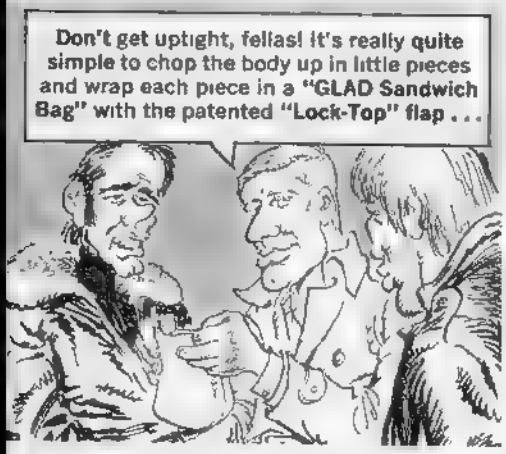


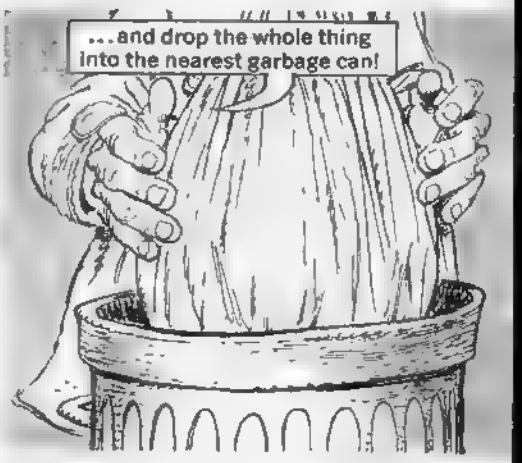
THE BENSON & HEDGES COMMERCIAL

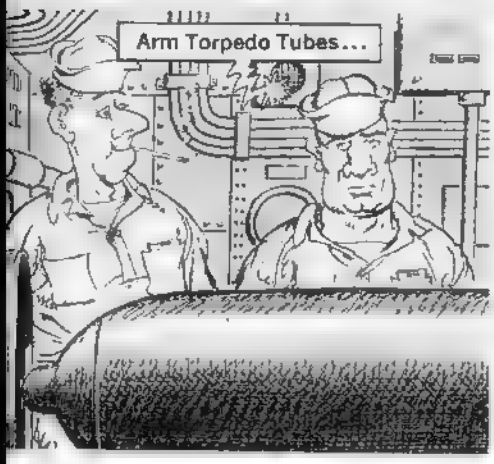
THE RIGHT GUARD COMMERCIAL

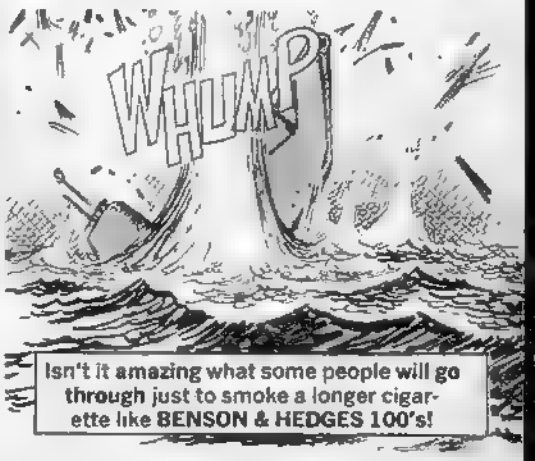
THE AJAX COMMERCIAL

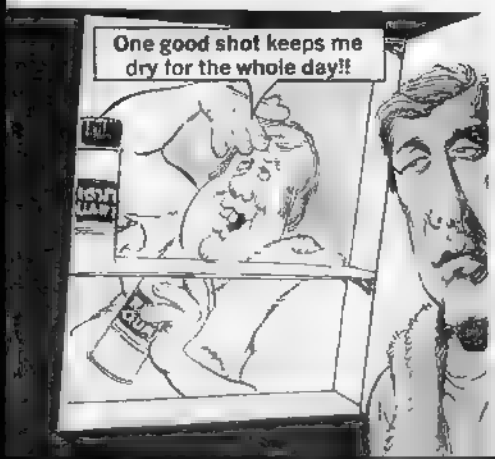


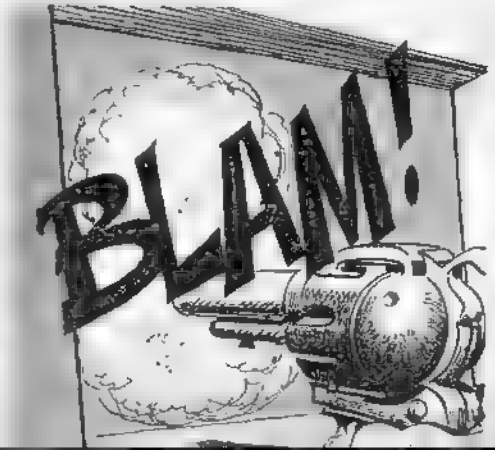


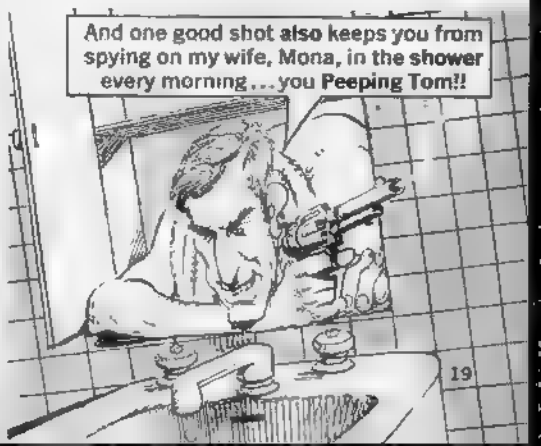












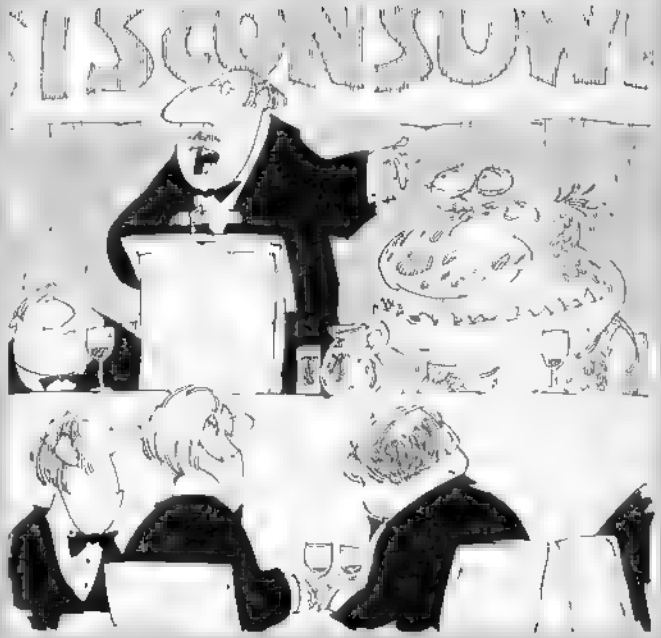
THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE TRITE DEPT.

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: MAY SAKAMI

Embracing A BELIEF



Introducing A RESOLUTION

Avoiding A CONFRONTATION

Weighing An ALTERNATIVE

Fishing For A COMPLIMENT

Grilling A SUSPECT

Filing A RETURN

Swinging A DEAL

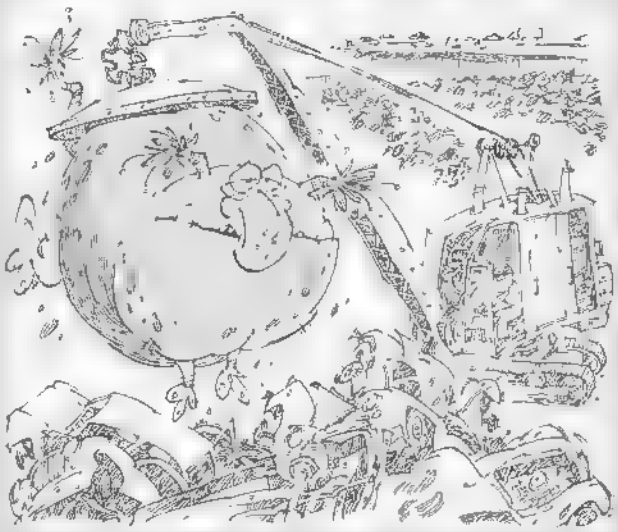
Tickling A FANCY

Controlling An IMPULSE

Developing A TECHNIQUE

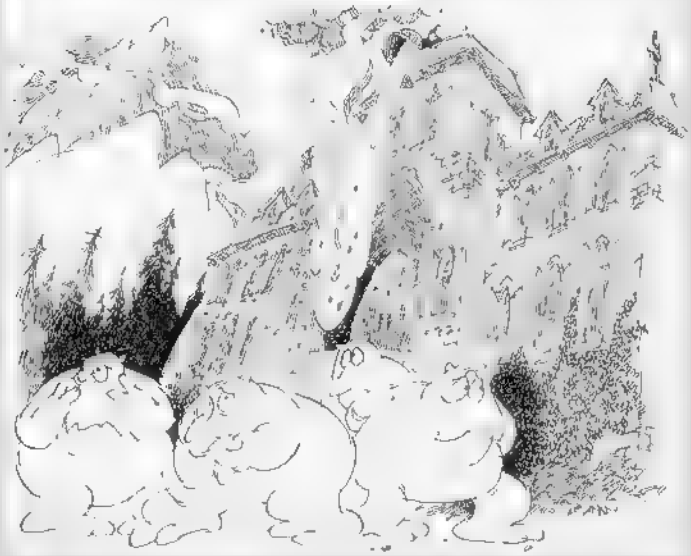
Posing A PROBLEM

Receiving A STANDING OVATION



Scrapping A PROJECT

Serving A SUMMONS



Pouring Oil On TROUBLED WATERS

ENVIRON-MENTAL ILLNESS DEPT.

MAD SALUTES THE OUTPUT OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY

CONCEIVED BY MAX BRANDEL

MA AND PA-THETIC DEPT.

WHAT IS A

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

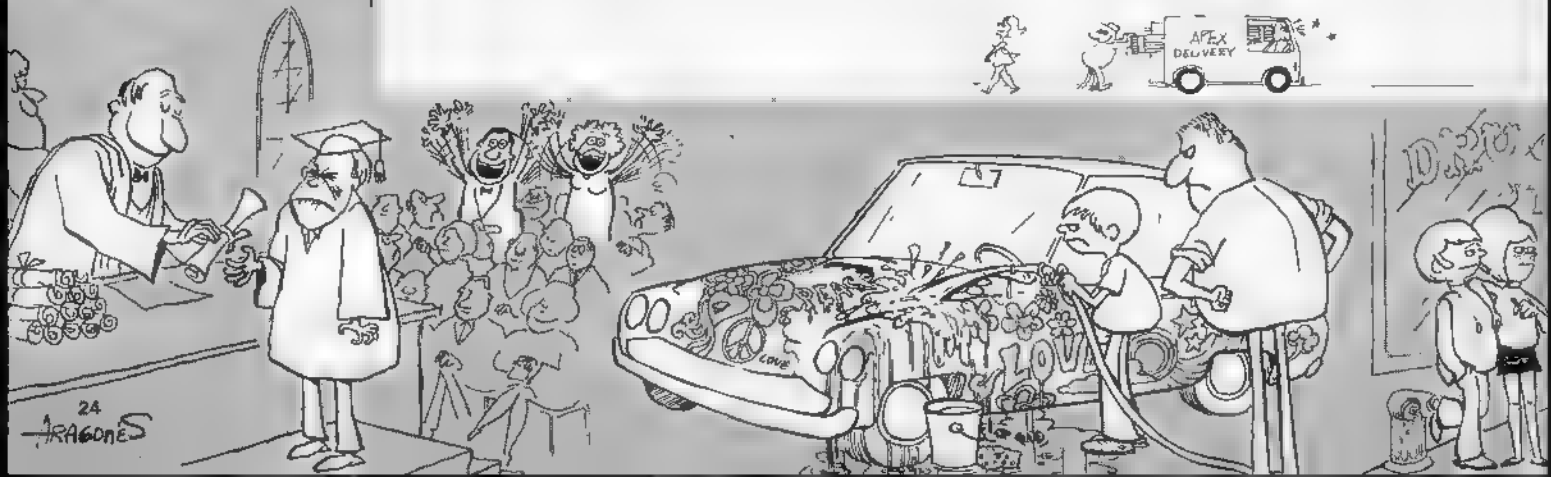
Between the time your Kindergarten Teacher introduces you to hand puppets and the time your Army Sergeant introduces you to hand grenades, you can expect to waste about 15 years hollering across the Generation Gap at a couple of creatures called "Parents". Unfortunately, it is futile to holler at Parents for the same reasons it is futile to holler at French Waiters: (1) They don't understand your language; (2) They're not even listening, and (3) They're usually hollering at you louder than you're hollering at them.

It's easy to spot Parents in a crowd. They're the ones yelling at the Little Leaguer who dropped the fly ball in order to make sure he feels humiliated enough. They're the ones pushing the Supermarket carts loaded with the newest, awful-tasting stuff advertised as "vital to your growing child's health!" They're the ones leaving the porch light on so their teenagers can't do whatever teenagers supposedly do on dark porches. And they're the ones circulating the petition to have "Gray's Anatomy" banned from the local library as smut.

The worst thing about Parents is that they're inconsistent. They believe in Democracy, but not to the point of giving you a voice in what you eat for dinner. They understand Inflation, but they don't understand why you need a bigger allowance than they got 25 years ago. They're all for Drivers Education, but they don't think passing the course qualifies you to drive the family car. And they advocate Free Speech, but they'd better not catch you using any around the house.

Like most other life forms, Parents come in two genders: The Female—who tells you that you can't sleep over your friend's house on Saturday night, or play the radio loud after nine o'clock, or do anything else you really want to do . . . and the Male—who takes an even more positive approach by saying, "Ask your Mother . . ." Otherwise, Parents are pretty much alike: Unreasonable, Unyielding, Unsympathetic, Uncooperative, Unrelenting, and Under the ridiculous impression that they know more about what's good for you than you do.

The behavior pattern of the Female Parent is most unpredictable. She will love you enough to bake your favorite fudge cake . . . and hate you enough to confine you to your room for snitching a piece of it. She will tell your teacher you need special attention because you're a sensitive child . . . and then chew you out in public for needing special attention because you're a stupid ox. She will demand that you help with the housework because you're almost 15 . . . and refuse to let you go out on dates because you're only 14. And she'll wait up half the night, fearing that you've been in an accident . . . and then hit you in the head because you haven't been.



A PARENT?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

The miraculous thing about a Female Parent is the way your latest girl friend's can size you up so quickly. She knows immediately, permanently and unshakeably about all the evil plans you have for her daughter . . . even before you know them yourself. If you show up for a date dressed casually, she knows you're a Hippie. If you wear a tie, she knows you're a Make-out Man. If you talk too much, she knows you're a Blowhard. And if you don't talk enough, she knows you're a Clod. But no matter how you dress, or talk, or act, she knows she didn't raise her daughter to associate with a bum like you.

Male Parents present an entirely different problem. To get along with yours, you must first appreciate that he embodies many of the qualities of other Great Men. He has the quiet patience of Eldridge Cleaver, the unquestioning trust of J. Edgar Hoover, the forgiving nature of Spiro Agnew, the sense of justice of Mao Tse-Tung, the open-minded flexibility of Lester Maddox, the boundless generosity of Vito Genovese, the disarming warmth of Don Rickles, the humane understanding of Mayor Daley, and the mature approach of Captain Kangaroo.

Every so often, the Male Parent will make a stab at communicating with his offspring. The subjects he most enjoys discussing during these heart-to-heart chats include: your low marks at school, your spotty attendance record at church, your weak showing in athletics, your poor attitude toward a career in dentistry and your unreasonable feelings about his boss's ugly daughter. The subjects he least enjoys discussing include: his latest hassle with the Internal Revenue Service, his grounds for draft deferment during World War II, his inability to quit smoking, and his close association with every bookie in town (and every secretary in his office).

All in all, Parents just never seem to get with it. Because they lack a strong social conscience, they've continued to earn enough money to feed, clothe and house you to this point in your life. Because they insist upon treating you as a child, they've managed to prevent you from accidentally killing yourself at least a dozen times before you got to this point. And because of their stodgy view of today's changing values, they've succeeded in keeping you toiling away in school when you could have become an accomplished Greenwich Village panhandler by now.

Still, with all of their short-sightedness and lack of understanding, Parents do serve one vital function. Just think of the terrible blisters you'd get from practicing your guitar too long . . . and the diamond needles you'd wear out from playing your Janice Joplin records all night . . . and the gas money you'd waste from revving up your hot-rod in the driveway if there were no Parents around to emit that familiar, annoying cry:

"STOP MAKING ALL THAT INFERNAL RACKET!"

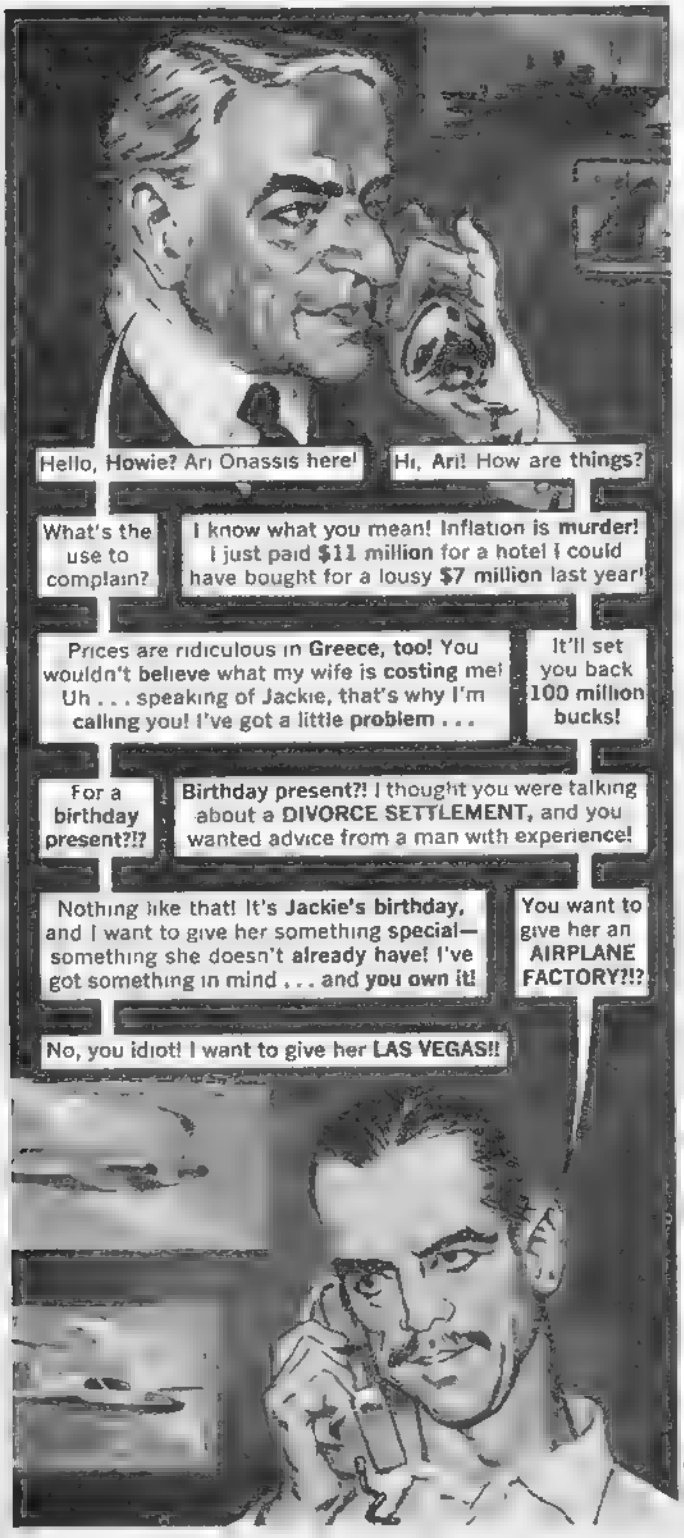
CONVERSATION PIECE DEPT.

According to newspaper headlines, wiretapping and bugging is becoming the favorite pastime of our law enforcement agencies. Usually, the phones that are being tapped belong to Bookies or Mafia men, and the conversations are pretty dull, like: "Rocco, I want you

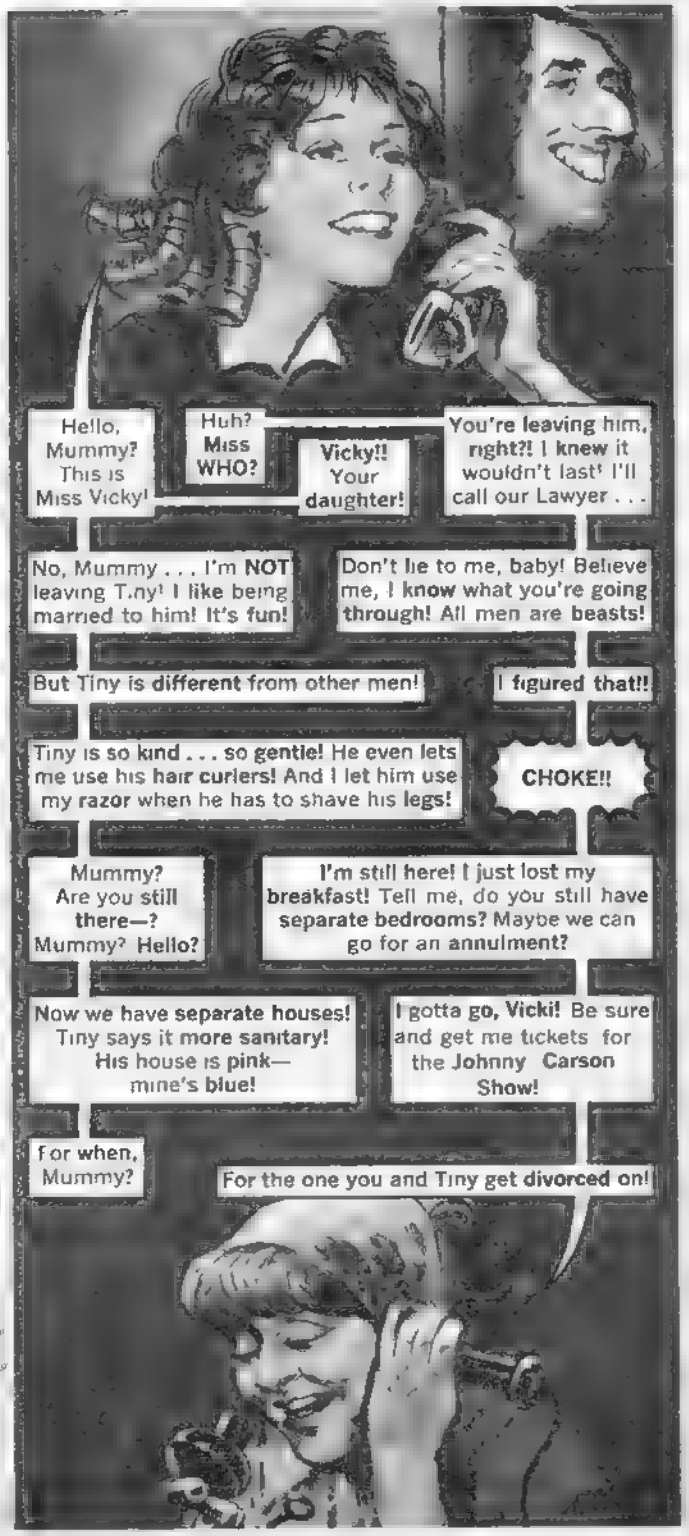
TELEPHONE TAPS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

ARI ONASSIS and HOWARD HUGHES



MRS. TINY TIM and her MOTHER



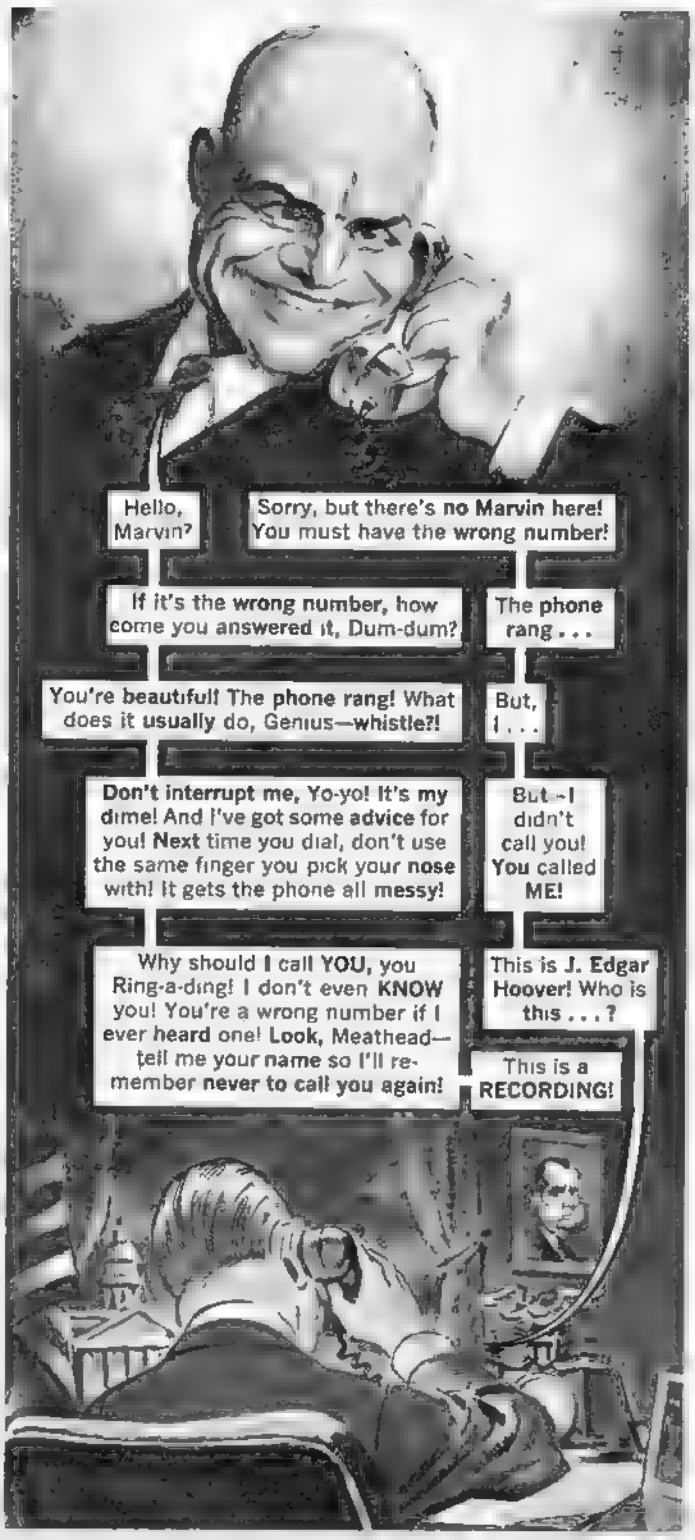
to hit Big Louie tonight!" or "Offer the Mayor a few grand! He's on the take!" Well, we here at MAD feel that the FBI and newspaper readers would get a lot more fun out of tapping the phones of celebrities. For example, here are some MAD transcriptions of . . .

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

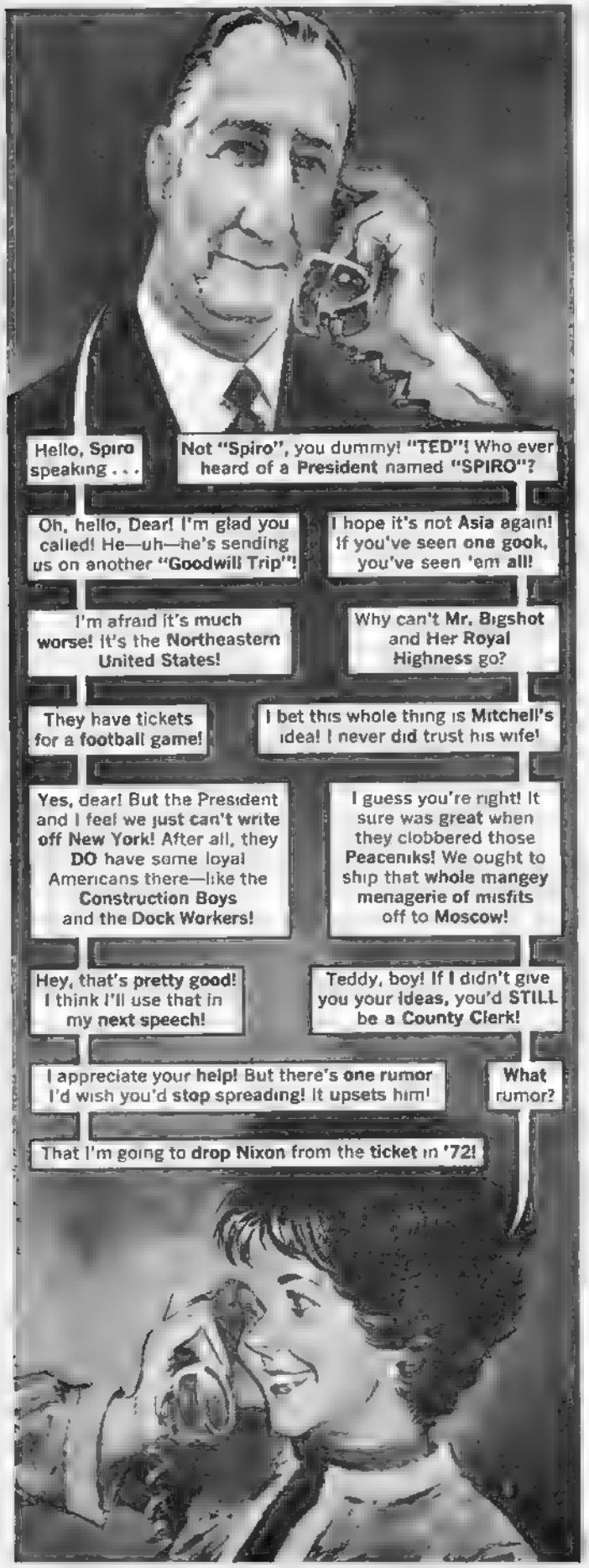
WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

PETE ROZELLE and JOE NAMATH

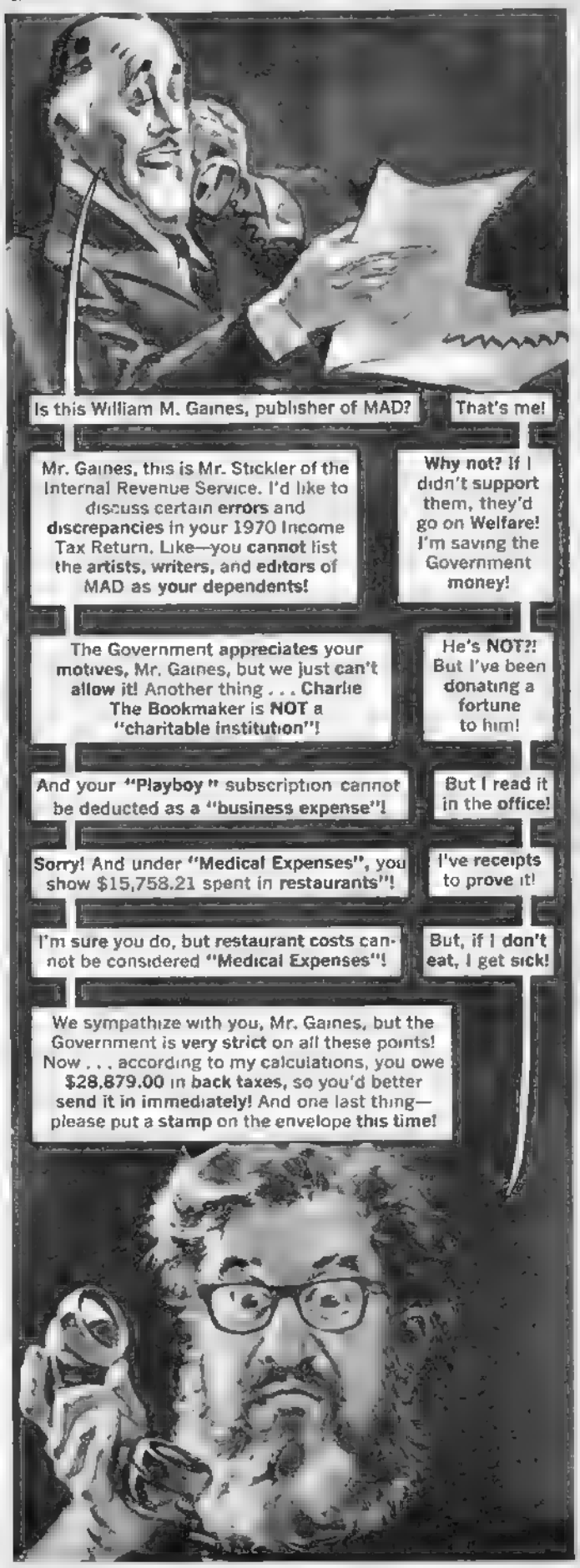
DON RICKLES and a WRONG NUMBER



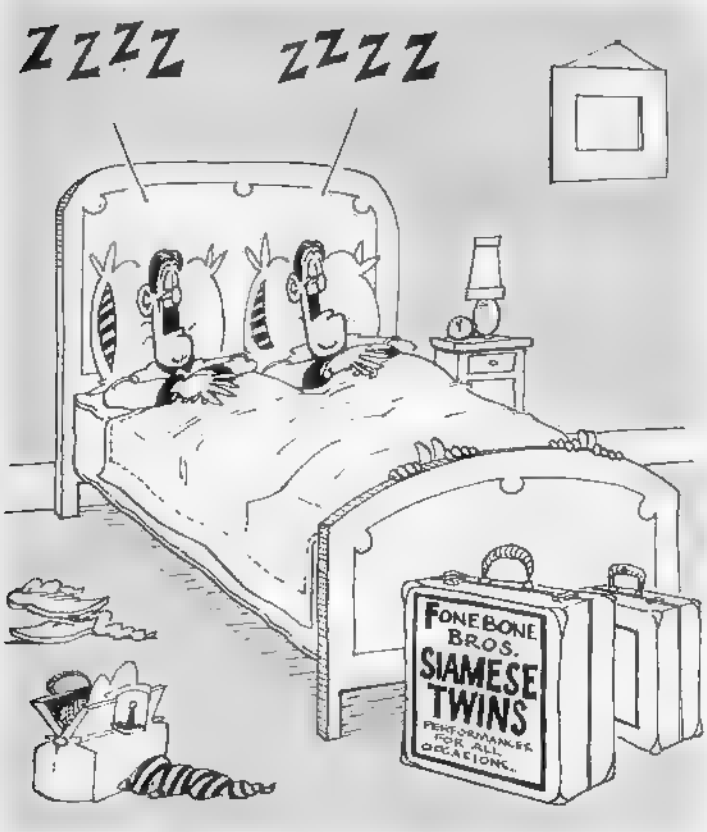
VICE PRESIDENT SPIRO AGNEW and MRS. AGNEW

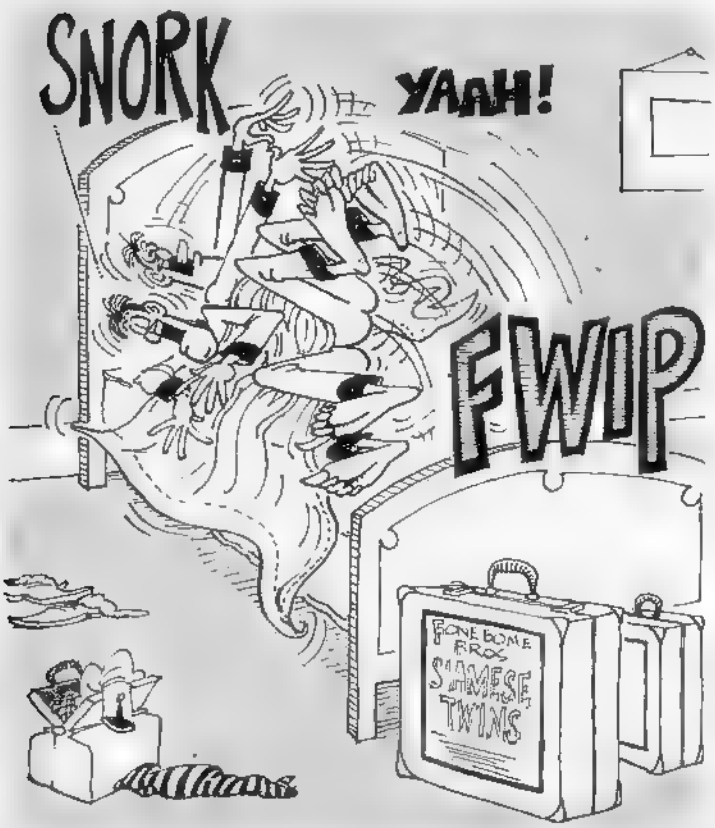


INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE and MAD PUBLISHER



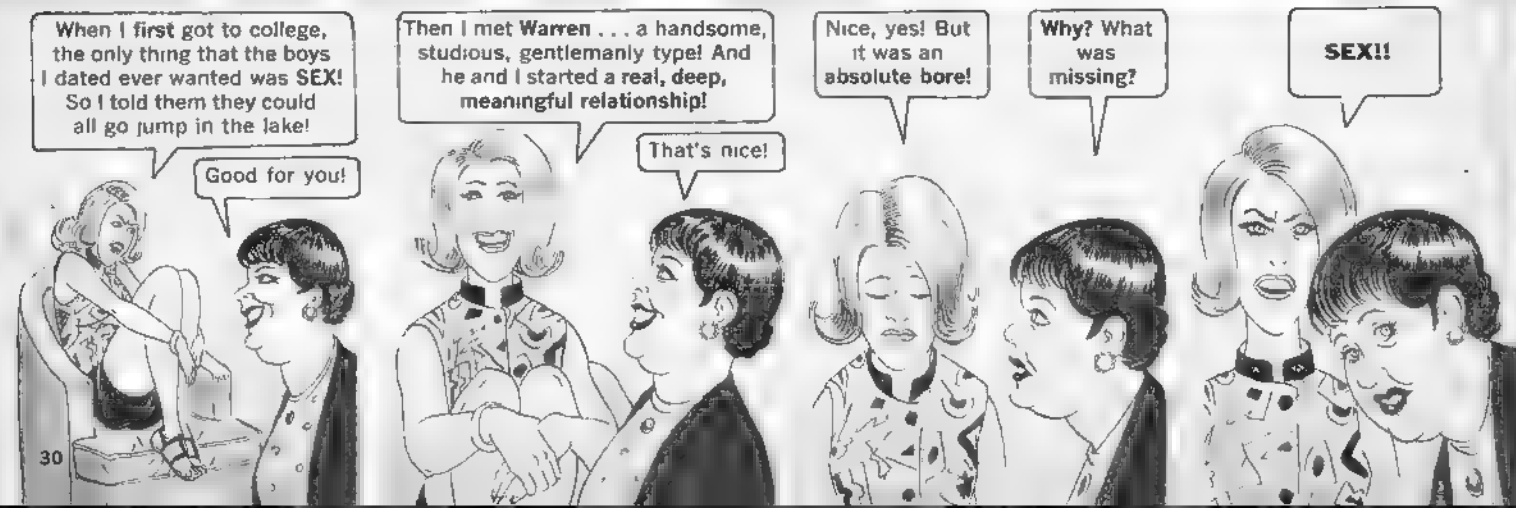
ONE NIGHT IN THE ACME RITZ CENTRAL ARMS WALDORF PLAZA STATLER HILTON GRAND HOTEL





BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... LO



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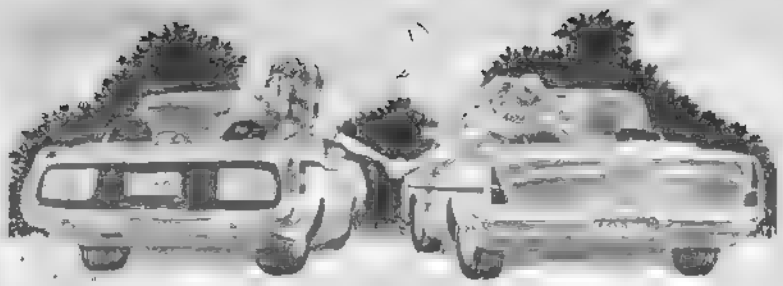
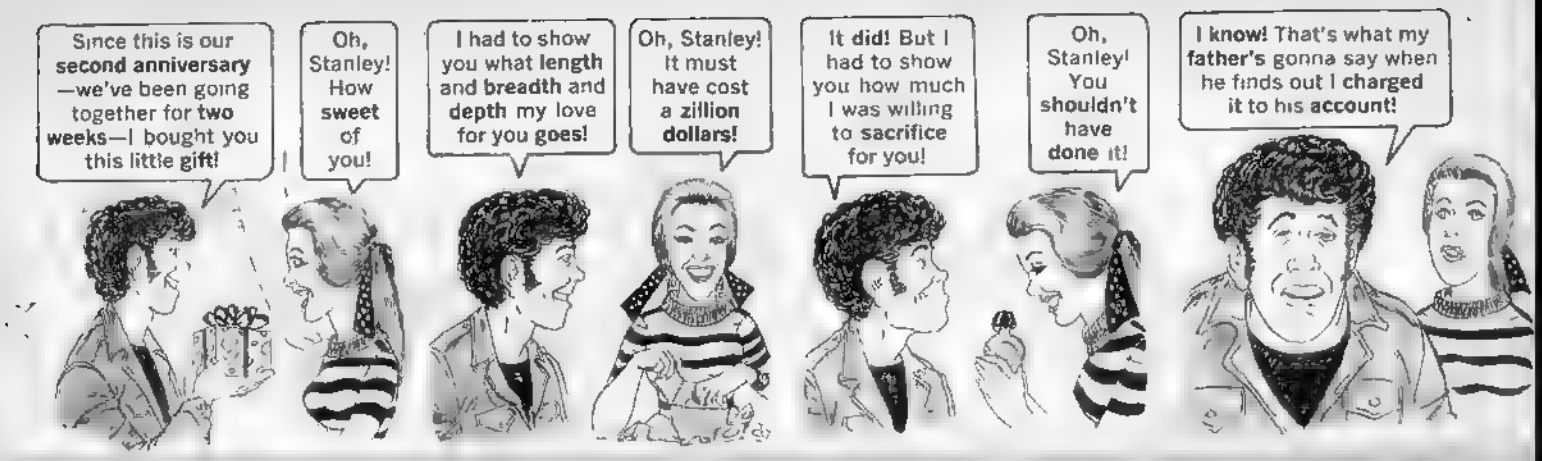
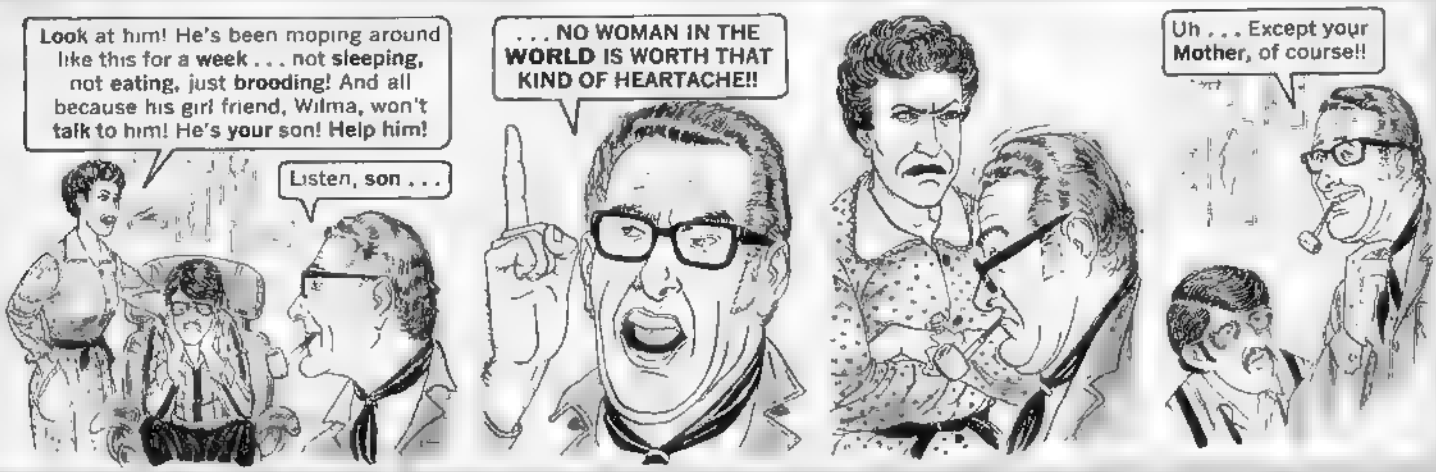


ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


Since this is our second anniversary—we've been going together for two weeks—I bought you this little gift!
Oh, Stanley! How sweet of you!
I had to show you what length and breadth and depth my love for you goes!
Oh, Stanley! It must have cost a zillion dollars!
It did! But I had to show you how much I was willing to sacrifice for you!
Oh, Stanley! You shouldn't have done it!
I know! That's what my father's gonna say when he finds out I charged it to his account!

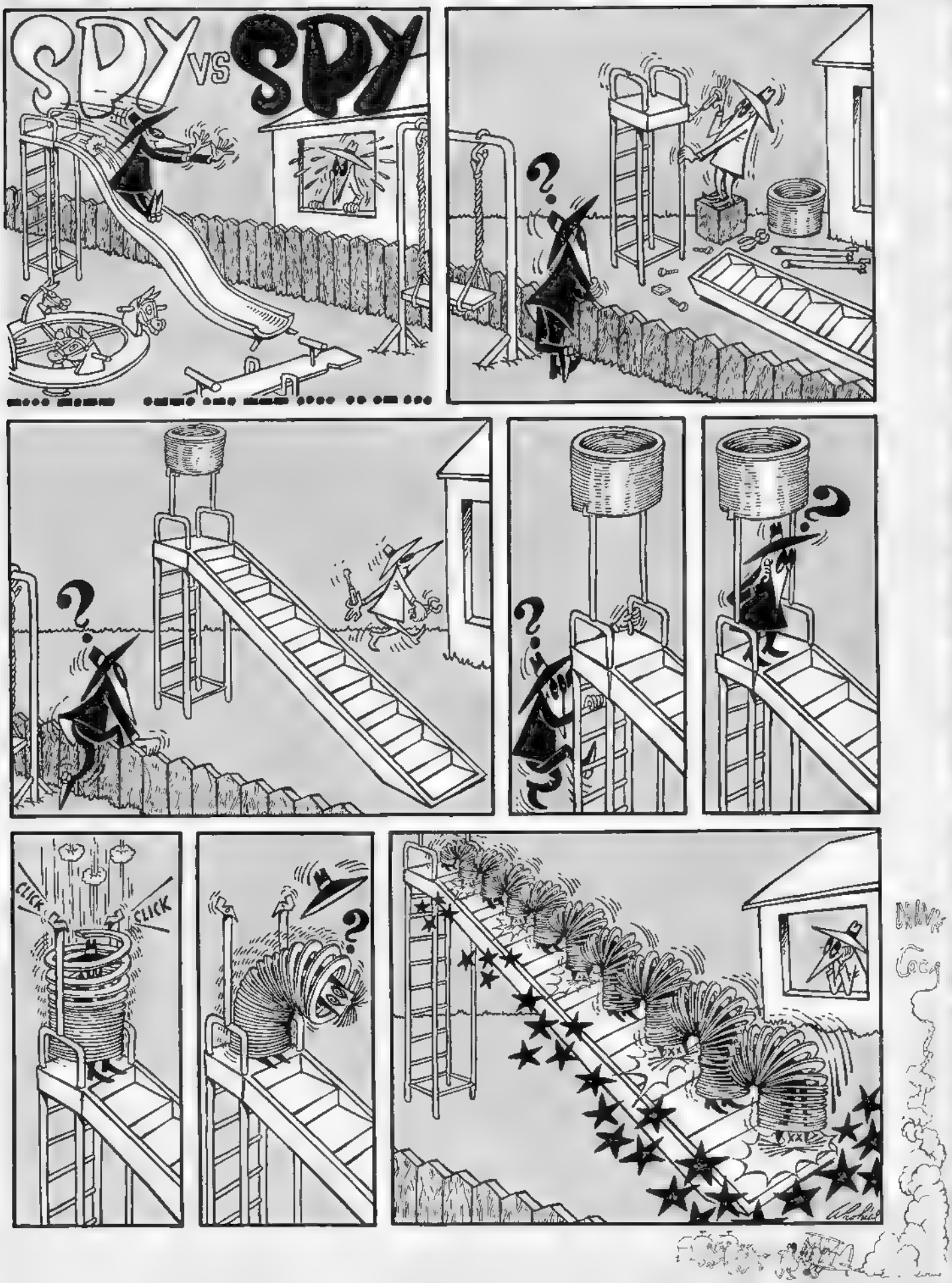

Look at him! He's been moping around like this for a week . . . not sleeping, not eating, just brooding! And all because his girl friend, Wilma, won't talk to him! He's your son! Help him!
Listen, son . . .
. . . NO WOMAN IN THE WORLD IS WORTH THAT KIND OF HEARTACHE!!
Uh . . . Except your Mother, of course!!

HAVE I GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!!
Oh, no! Not that tired old cliché situation! I'm surprised at you, Doris! She's gotta be a real loser, right?
No . . . really! This girl is different!
Oh, she's got two heads?! Listen, I'm lonely, but I'm not desperate! She's a real dog, right?
Take my word for it! This girl is stunning! She's got a lovely figure, a cute face, a charming personality, and she's very modest!
Hey! She sounds great! Who is she?
Me!

Oh, Daddy! Daddy! I've met him at last! Mr. Right! And I'm in love—really in love!
He's my Prince Charming . . . my Knight in Shining Armor! Oh, Daddy, he's absolutely gorgeous! He's the most beautiful man I've ever met!
Well . . . let's see this Mr. Wonderful!
Hey, Kenny . . . come in and show yourself!
MAKE BOMBS NOT WAR

Do you realize that the kids are out of the house and we're alone?!
Yeah! Let's make like we used to— with the lights low and mood music!
Great! I'll light some candles
And I'll turn on the mood music that's here on the kids' hi-fi . . .
THERE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY TOMORROW BABY.
What's the matter . . . ?
I just lost the mood!
Why so downcast? You SAID you wanted to break it off with Donna . . . right?
Yeah! Right!
And the WAY you said you were going to do it was perfect! What a
Yeah! A great cop-out!
"It's better this way, baby! You've outgrown me! You've passed me by! You deserve better! I'm not good enough for you . . .!" BRILLIANT!!
Yeah! Brilliant!
So why so downcast?
She agreed with me
Oh, wow! Am I a make-out artist! She's completely relaxed! She's surrendering without a struggle! Gee, I must really fascinate her!
Gee, that Paul Newman really fascinates me!
Hey, chick! You're . . . you're like . . . Man!!
Oh, wow!
I mean . . . like, you're but . . . absolutely . . .
Oh, wow!
Your face . . . it's so . . . like, gee whiz!!
Oh, wow!
And that figure of yours . . . like, Grrrr!
Oh, wow!
And your personality . . . it's like . . . gee!
Oh, wow!
Like, I could never talk to girls before! But with you . . . like, it's so . . . oh, wow!
Yeah! Me too! It's like so— oh, wow!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

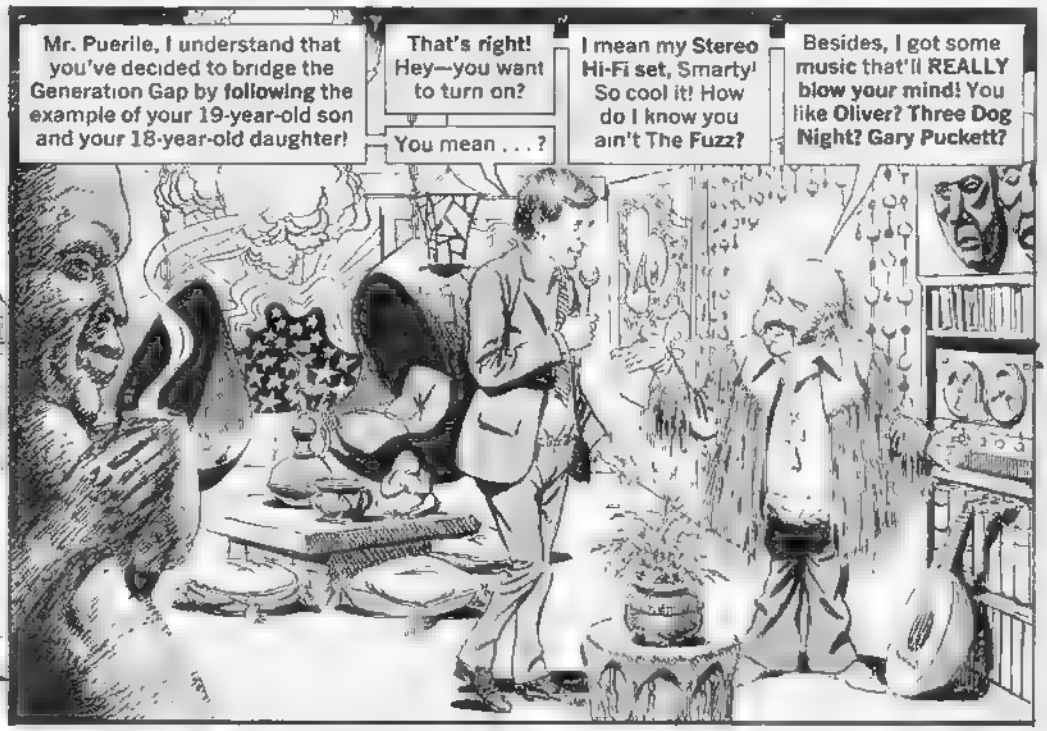


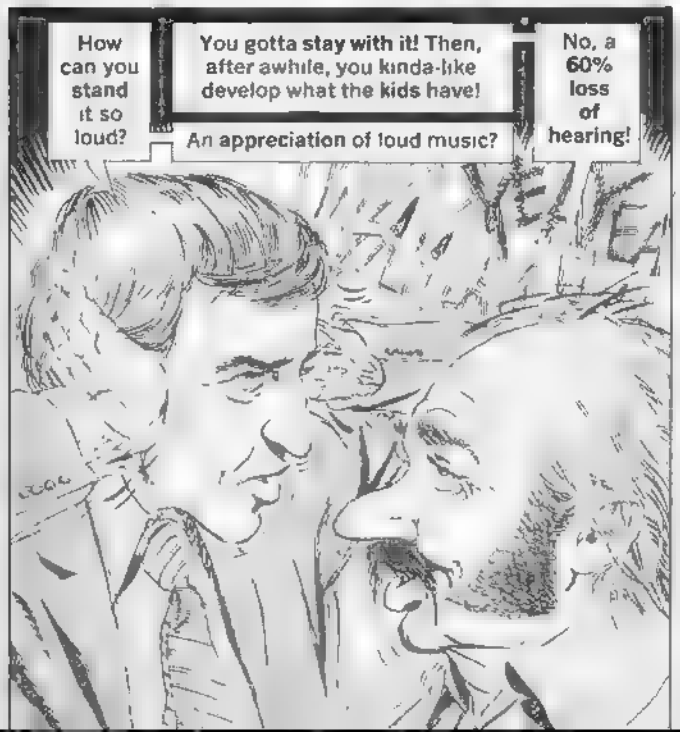
TEENY-BOPPER-POPPA DEPT.

Hello! I'm **David Frostbite** on special assignment for MAD Magazine! It's a wise old saying that goes: "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em!" Today, we are going to see how one Father has applied this philosophy to the "younger generation", as we interview **Mr. Howard Puerile . . .**

MAD'S "DIRTY OLD MAN" OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART





How do you like being part of the "Now Generation"?
Groovy!
What does that mean?
I dunno! Ask him!
What are you knitting?
A "Free Huey Newton" banner!
I have news for you! They freed Huey Newton!
I know . . . but I'm a slow knitter! Besides, inventing the Fig Cookie is no reason to put a guy in jail! Once they start that, the guy who invented Hydrox cookies 'll be next —then the Malomar guy! You'll see!

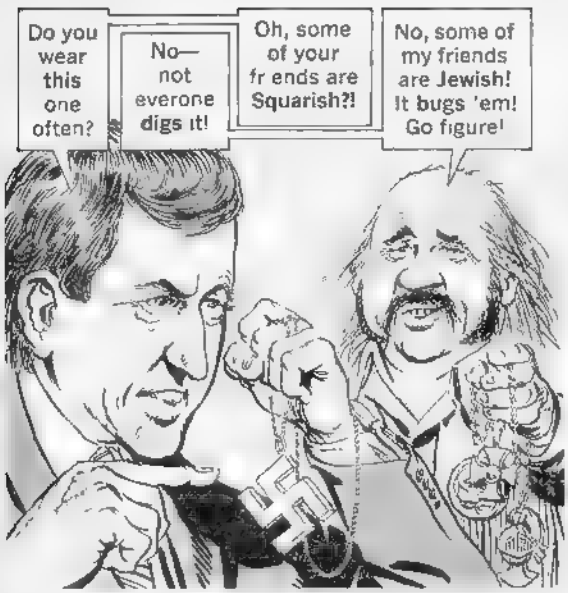
In what other ways are you both "with it"?
Well, we no longer admit we've been married for twenty-five years! Now, we tell everyone we're just living together!
That IS modern!

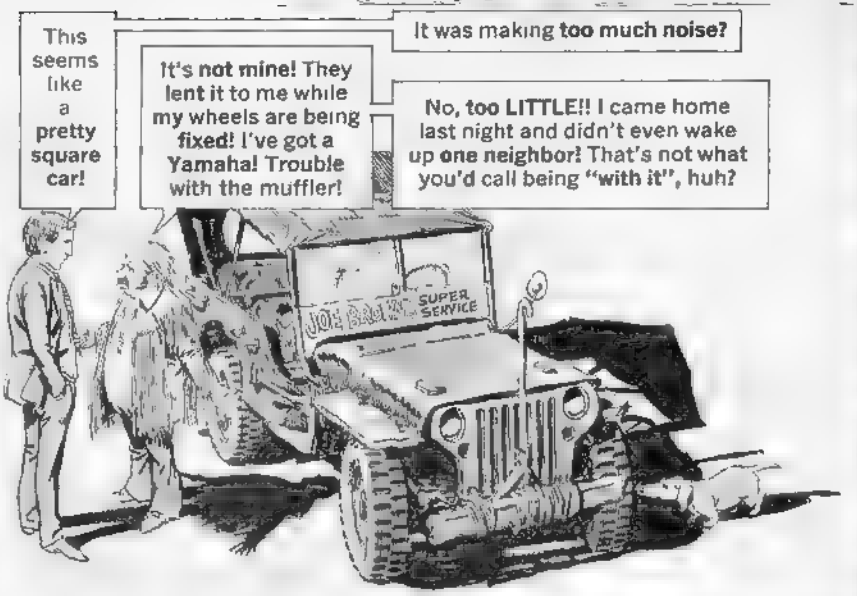
We believe in the new sexual freedom! Our son is living off-campus with his girl friend!
How about your daughter?
Oh, she still lives at home!
How come?
We lock her in her room!

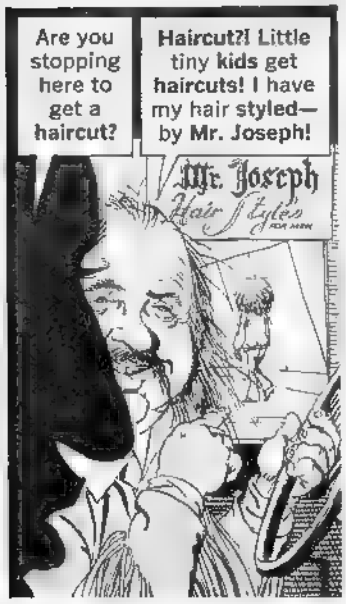
Did you take your "pill" today, dear?
Yes, I did!
Actually, I'm too OLD to take the "pill"! But it makes him feel young to think I am!
But, aren't you worried about the side effects?
What side effects? I take M & M's! What does HE know!?

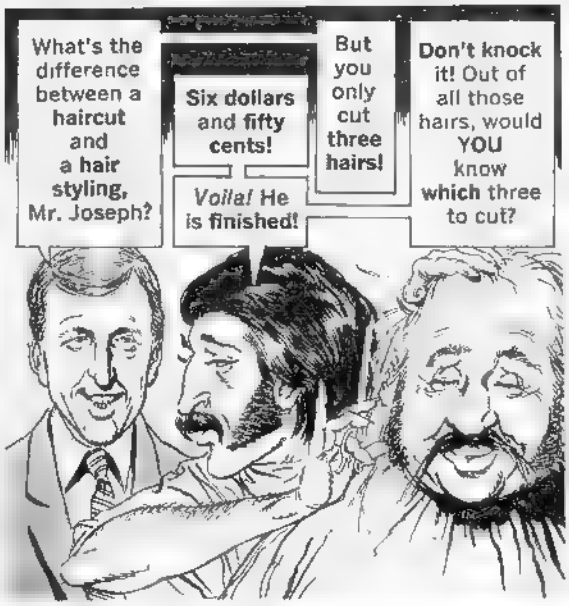
Young people today are right! Marriage is so square! "Monogomy breeds monotony"! So we each have our—er—friends!
But suppose you caught her with another man! What would you think!?
I'd think that the man has the same lousy taste in women that I had twenty-five years ago!!

Actually, I was one of the first to wear wide mod ties! People used to laugh at me!
Oh, when was that?
About ten years ago! Of course, they've all been repainted! They used to say things like: "Greetings From Atlantic City" and "I Love My Wife But Oh, You Kid" and the girls would light up! Wan't to see my pendant collection?
I'm not sure . . .


Do you wear this one often?
No— not everone digs it!
Oh, some of your fr ends are Squarish?!
No, some of my friends are Jewish! It bugs 'em! Go figure!


This seems like a pretty square car!
It's not mine! They lent it to me while my wheels are being fixed! I've got a Yamaha! Trouble with the muffler!
It was making too much noise?
No, too LITTLE!! I came home last night and didn't even wake up one neighbor! That's not what you'd call being "with it", huh?
SUPER SERVICE


Are you stopping here to get a haircut?
Haircut?! Little tiny kids get haircuts! I have my hair styled— by Mr. Joseph!
Mr. Joseph Hair Styles


What's the difference between a haircut and a hair styling, Mr. Joseph?
Six dollars and fifty cents!
But you only cut three hairs!
Voila! He is finished!
Don't knock it! Out of all those hairs, would YOU know which three to cut?

What about his sideburns?
I don't handle sideburns! I've got my own bag . . . and I stick to it!
Isn't that overdoing specialization just a little bit?

IS IT? Do you announce hockey games?
Whoops! You got me there, Mr Joseph!
The Last Chance Boutique

The kids are right when it comes to fashions! Unisex clothes do away with the old lines between the sexes!
That's a really smart jacket! Her husband will simply adore it on Mrs. Puerile!
But he's "MR." Puerile!
I wish you hadn't told me that! We just made a date for tonight!
I'll take this one, Miss!
Did you hear that? Your date might work out after all!

Aren't these "Mod" pants just divine? They're so—so flattering!

Well, I'm beginning to understand what you mean by "let it all hang out"!

Oh, whoopie! All of a sudden, I'm being interviewed by Don Rickles!!

Tell me . . . what is it, exactly, that fascinates a man of your age about the younger generation?

Well, take that girl there, for instance! She's young! She's free! She doesn't need what older women need!

Like money and security!?

No, like a bra, or a girdle! Doesn't a sight like that drive you up the wall?

BADDDDDDAAAAAAOOOWWWWW

Have you had any problems in bridging the so-called Generation Gap?

Only one! In my business! I'm trying to make it "Youth Oriented". . . but it's very difficult!

What business are you in?

Surgical Appliances!

Not bad, eh? Big item with the Yippies!!

NOW... WHO CARES IF A CHICAGO POLICEMAN KICKS YOU IN THE GROIN DURING A DEMONSTRATION!

YOU'RE PROTECTED IN A PUERILE TRUSS

What's this? Some kind of party?

I encourage my daughter to bring her friends around! They're great kids! So cool! So free! And besides—

I know! They don't wear any bras or girdles!

Hey! Y'know, you got possibilities!

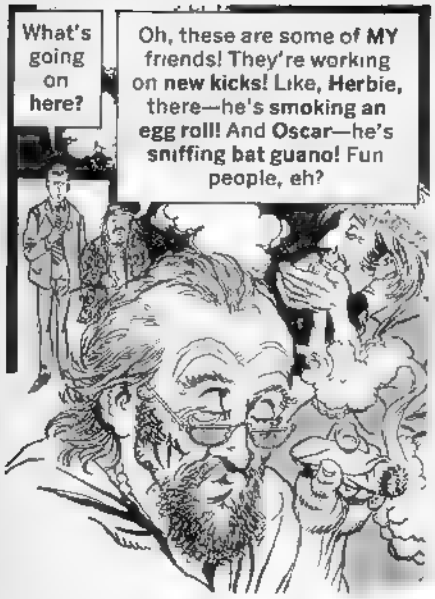
WAAH

Aren't you a lucky girl, having folks who are more like pals than parents!

I need forty five-year-old pals like I need a hole in my head!

Oh? Don't you think your parents belong?

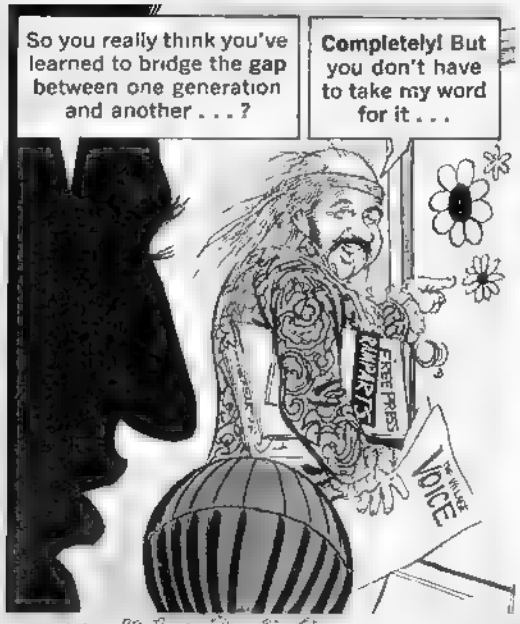
Yeah! In an institution!

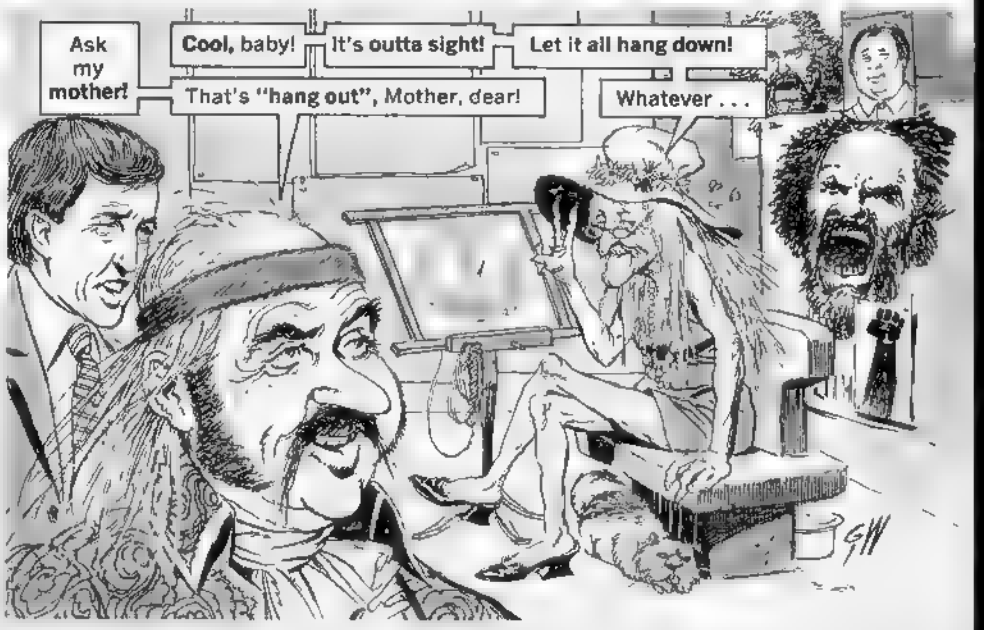

What's going on here?
Oh, these are some of MY friends! They're working on new kicks! Like, Herbie, there—he's smoking an egg roll! And Oscar—he's sniffing bat guano! Fun people, eh?

And what are they doing?
They're playing that new "Synanon Game"! It's truth-conditioning . . . where people tell each other what they really think and feel!
Honestly, Zelda, I just don't see what kicks he can possibly get making love to an ugly pig like you!
Yeah, well—how she can stomach your pawing and grabbing without throwing up is beyond me, Fred!

Gee, if they hate each other so much, why do you invite Zelda and Fred to the same party?
I have to! They're married to each other!

And when you're not doing this, what do you do?
We go to "Now" flicks! I love 'em!
What do you like best about them?
Standing in line, next to all those young girls who don't wear any . . .
I know! I KNOW!!


So you really think you've learned to bridge the gap between one generation and another . . . ?
Completely! But you don't have to take my word for it . . .
FREE PRESS
THE VILLAGE VOICE


Ask my mother!
Cool, baby!
It's outta sight!
Let it all hang down!
That's "hang out", Mother, dear!
Whatever . . .

HEAVEN SENT DEPT.

Recently, someone published a book called "Children's Letters To God." It was so popular, another book was published called "More Children's Letters To God." Now, that one is so popular, by the time you read this

Answers To Children

WRITERS: DICK DeBARTOLO & DONALD K. EPSTEIN

Dear Bruce,
I am sorry it rained last Sunday when you were supposed to have your Boy Scout Hike, but I cannot send you a copy of my "Guaranteed Long-Range Forecast" to avoid disappointments like that in the future.
Faithfully yours,
—God—

Dear Lisa,
Your forthcoming trip to California sounds very exciting. I would love to see you, too, but TWA does not stop here on the way to Los Angeles.
Fondly,
—God—

Dear Tommy,
The reason you cannot find me in the telephone book is that my number is unlisted.
Best wishes,
—God—

Dear Mary,
My notes about your behavior are written in the Big Book in indelible ink. But thank you anyway for the nice eraser.
Love,
—God—

Dear Beth,
I am sorry, but it is not up to me to make bacon "kosher."
Sincerely,
—God—

Dear Laurie,
Yes, I am watching you all the time. But that is no excuse for not taking a bath.
Love,
—God—

Dear Jerry,
I do spend a lot of time in Brooklyn, but that was not Me you saw on the IND subway last Saturday afternoon.
Love,
—God—

Dear Sharon,
I was very pleased to learn that you think of your good deeds as "deposits in the Bank of Life." However, I do not have the facilities for sending you a regular monthly statement.
Best regards,
—God—

article, they'll probably publish one called "Still More Children's Letters To God." Well, it seems to us that there's an awful lot of one-way letter-writing going on, so MAD remedies the situation with

s Letters—From GOD

PHOTO BY D P I

Dear Linda,
I am glad you received a new camera for your birthday, but it would be against the rules to let you come up here and take pictures.

Love,
—God—

Dear Jonathan,
Thanks for your inquiry, but I really do not have a favorite. I like all the Commandments.

Love,
—God—

Dear Leslie,
Thank you for your concern, but I do not find it a "drag" working Sundays and religious holidays.

Sincerely,
—God—

Dear Susie,
I know you have doubts about my existence, but in the future please do not address your letters to:

Occupant,
Heaven,
U.S.A.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
—God—

Dear Robin,
Even though your daddy says they are "God-awful," I am not responsible for the shows you watch on television.

Sincerely,
—God—

Dear Tracy,
You may tell your mommy I said it is not a "sin" to leave the peas in your TV dinner.

Love,
—God—

Dear Randy and Ricky,
It does not matter which one of you sleeps where. I'm just as close to the one in the bottom bunk.

Love,
—God—

Dear Edward,
You sound like a very enterprising young man, but I really do not feel that there is a market for holy water in "No-deposit, No-return Bottles."

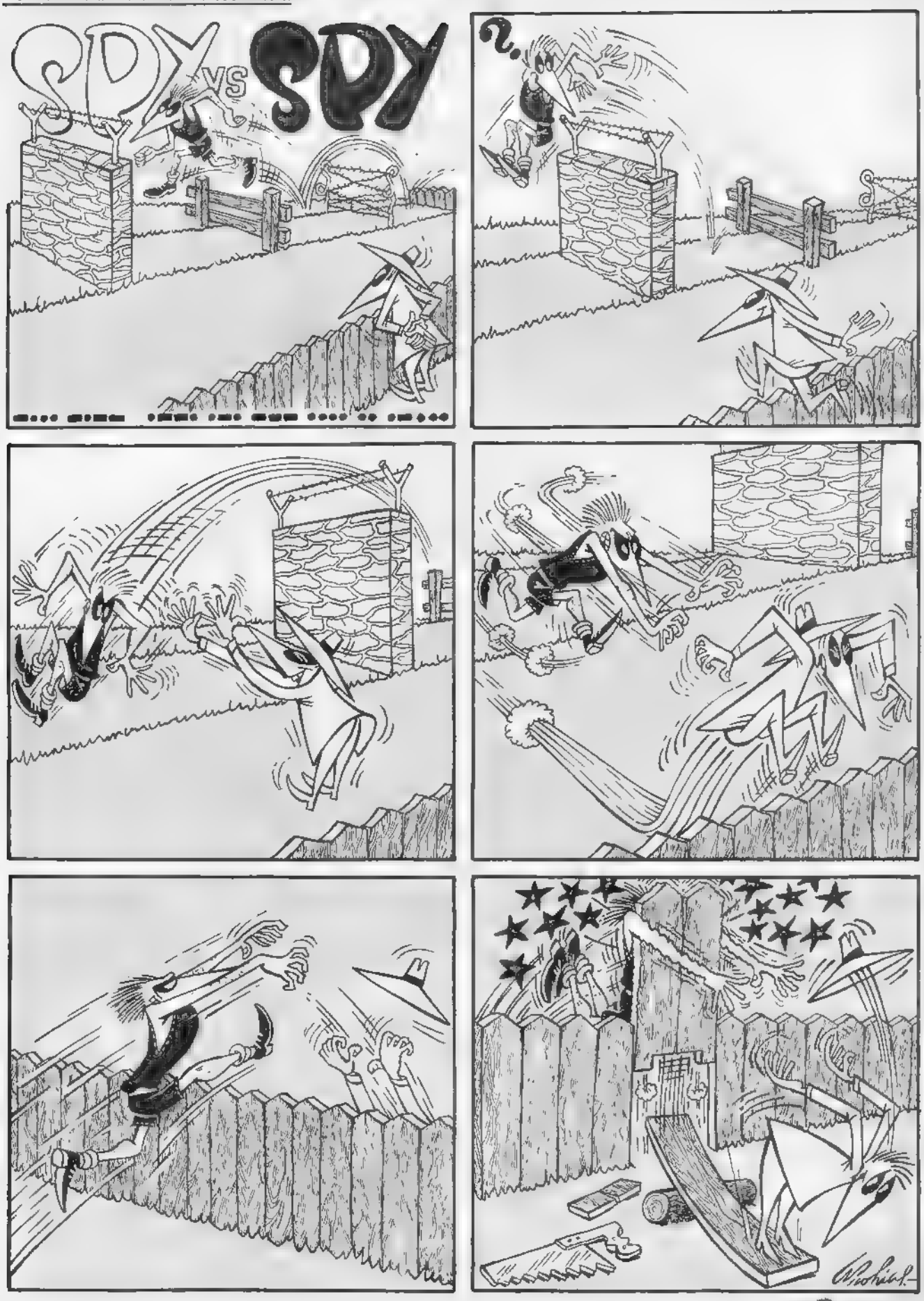
Sincerely,
—God—

Dear Harvey,
Yes, I can hear you singing in the church choir every Sunday.

Do not call Us --
We will call you.

Sincerely,
—God—

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II



Hi! I'm Fred McMoron! Some time back, Newton Minow called television a "vast wasteland"! Obviously, he wasn't a regular viewer of the show I've been starring in for the past 11 years, or else he would have called it a "vast slumberland"! But I should care! For me, it's been a "vast moneyland" playing father to . . .

MY THREE SONNY BOYS

Hey, you kids! Stop tossing that football around! The vibrations are making waves in my fudge!

Say, Chap! What's with Uncle Chilly today! He's exceptionally cranky—even for HIM!

I think he's going through "Change of Life"!

But, golly—isn't that a "Woman's" disease?

Have you taken a good look at Uncle Chilly lately? He sews, embroiders, knits and enters Cake Bake-Offs!

That's nothing unusual! Lots of male TV Situation Comedy characters perform household and kitchen chores!

Yeah, but he also shaves with Nair, smokes Virginia Slims and carries the flag in Women's Lib Parades!

Gosh! And to think he's been the major influence in shaping our lives up to now!

Yeah! No wonder we're tossing this football around with a "limp wrist"!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Now look what you've done! You've woke the triplets! If I wasn't getting a hot flash now, I'd tar and feather you!

Ah! Here's your father! He'll solve the problem!

Er—uh—Hi, Chilly! Uh—er—Hi, Chap! Hi, Erkie! Uh—How are things going?

See? I told you he could do it!

You mean, in his low-key, quiet, yet firm way, he disciplined us?

No, I mean in his off-key, stammering, yet dull monotone, he put the triplets back to sleep!

Say, Dad—why must your Uncle Chilly live with us?

MY Uncle Chilly?!

Yeah!

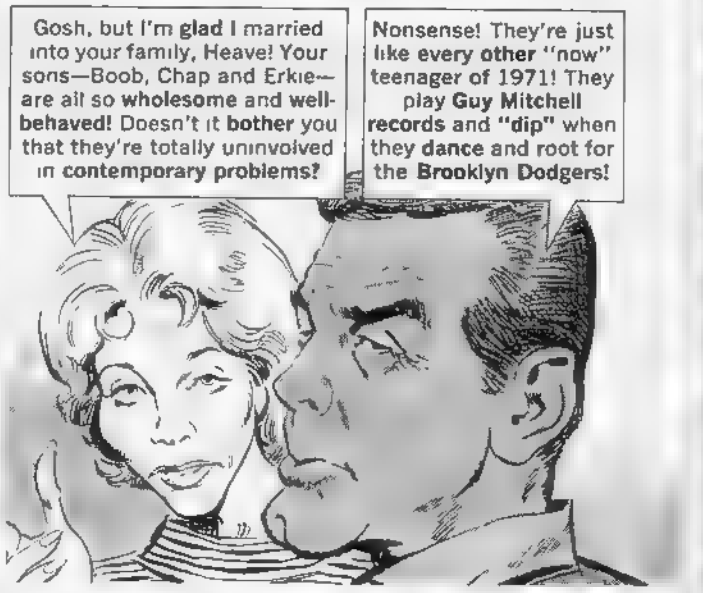
Gee! And all these years, I thought he was YOUR Uncle Chilly!

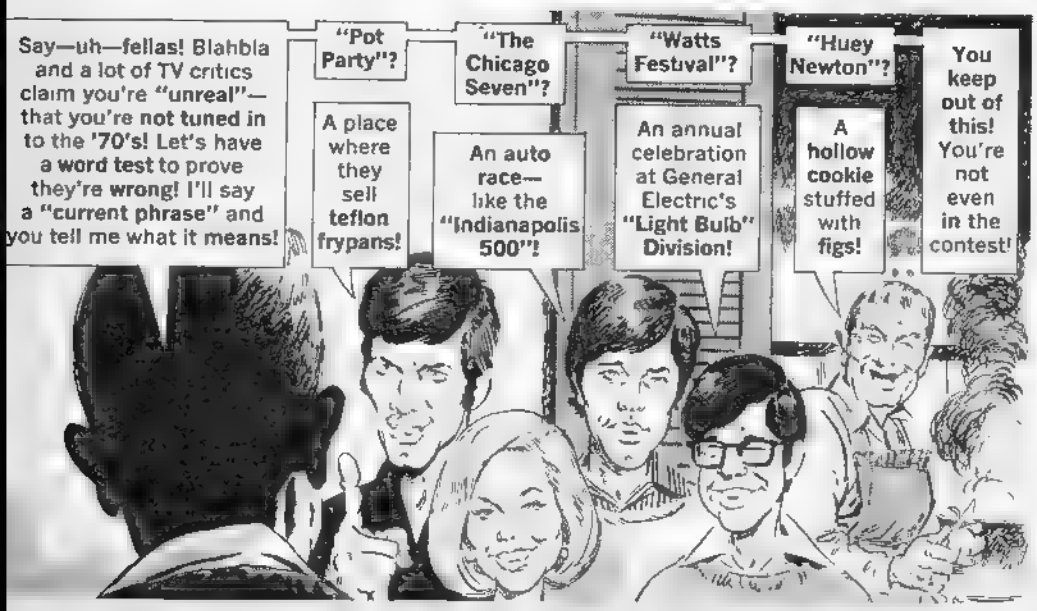
Not only is he obnoxious and grouchy, but THIS season, he's also confused and senile! Just look at him!
Perfectly normal! He's taking care of the triplets and preparing fish for dinner!
But he's wrapping the triplets in old news-papers!
Uncle Chilly is very wise! He knows what he's doing!
Are you sure!? He's also diapering the flounder!
Hey, I'm getting out of here! I don't want to hear THIS . . .
He's trying to burp the LARGE MOUTH BASS!
What now?
MY LIVES AND LOVES C. COOLIDGE
Say—uh—Chap and Erkie! You kids ought to stop picking on—uh—Uncle Chilly! After all, he—uh—just recovered!
Recovered?! From what?
A bad haircut!
What's your secret, Uncle Chilly? How do you get your hair to look that way?
Every day, I stick my head into the electric blender! I also go for haircuts at a new Hollywood hair stylist!
Yeah? What's his name?
Ernest of Poland!
I think it's pretty ridiculous . . . a 75-year-old actor with a 16-year-old haircut!
Well, don't blame me! We're also reaching a "12-year-old-level-of-intelligence" audience with this idiotic "4-year-old-level-of-intelligence" dialogue!
With hundreds of veteran actors around, how come they chose you —William Dumpyrest—for this choice role which brings you a handsome salary, not to mention millions in residuals on re-runs?
It was my imitation of Al Jolson!
You mean, the way you sang?
No, I mean the way I got down on one knee and prayed for the job!
We'd better get ready! The whole family is coming soon to celebrate the anniversary!
What anniversary?
Well, it was exactly 9 years ago today that your brother Boob's voice cracked!
Gee, this sounds like one of our more exciting episodes!
It'll rank with some of our all-time best! It doesn't quite have the biting satire of "Uncle Chilly Folds The Evening Paper," nor the devastating wit of "Erkie Buys A Blotter," but it does have the charm and sophistication of "Chap Develops Summer Heat Rash"!

Oh, hi, Boob! Hi, Cutie!
Hi, Dad! Hi, Uncle Chilly! Hi, Erkie! Hi, Chap!
Hi, there, Boob! Hi, Cutie!
Hi, there, Cutie! Hi, Boob!

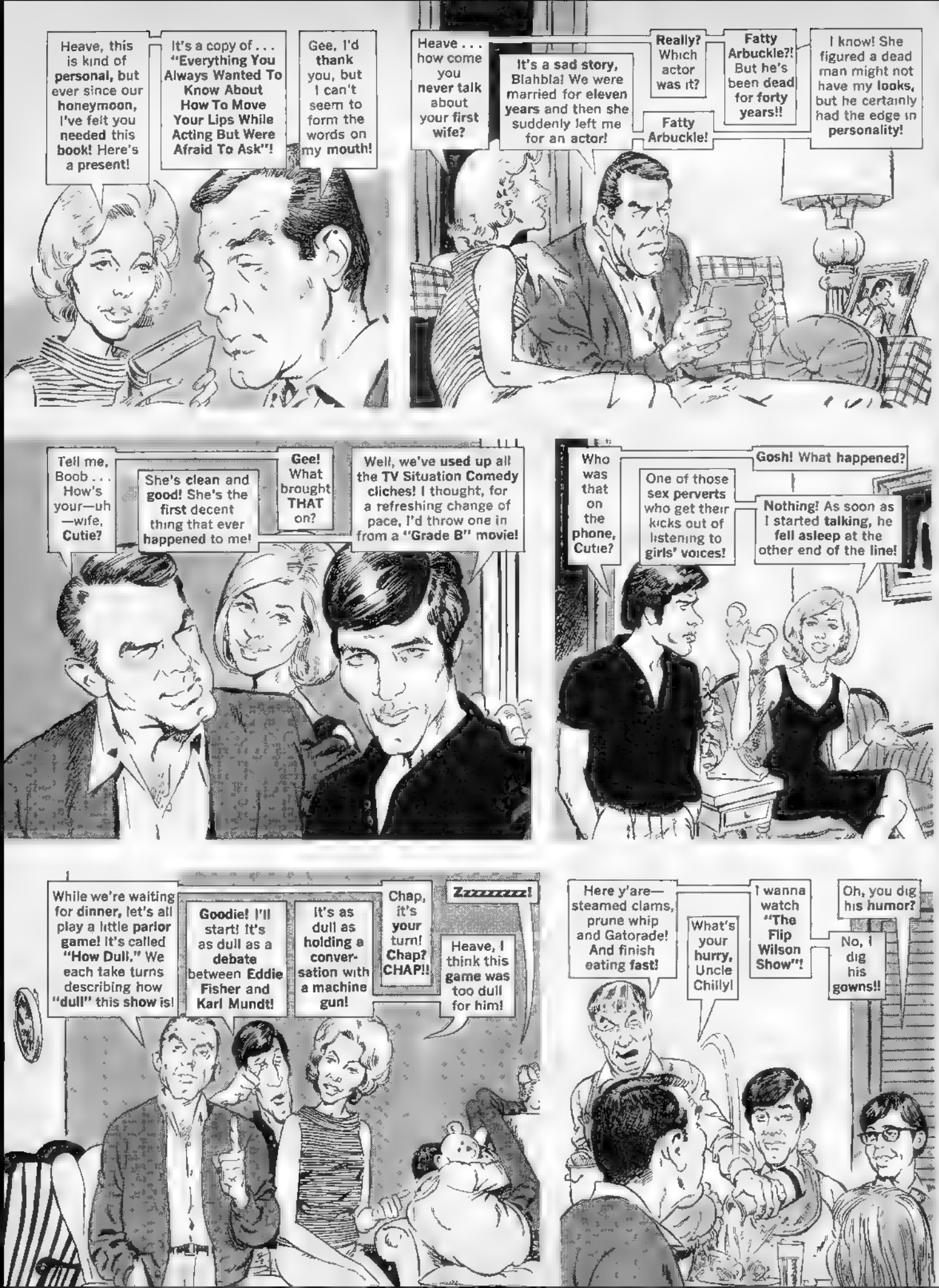
How are the triplets, Uncle Chilly?
They're fine, Cutie! Oh, look who's here! Blahbla and Dopie! Hi, Blahbla! Hi, Dopie!
Hi, Blahbla! Hi, Dopie!
Hi, Heave! Hi, Uncle Chilly! Hi, Chap! Hi, Erkie!
Hi, Blahbla! Hi, Dopie!
Hi, Dopie! Hi, Blahbla!
BAW! WAA! Sob! Sob!

Say, what's Dopie crying about?
She just realized she could've had a regular part in "Sesame Street" and took this instead!
Whew, Dad! Do you think we can maintain this frantic pace for a whole half hour?
Not really! These are the conversational "highlights"! From now on, I'm afraid it gets pretty bland!


Gosh, but I'm glad I married into your family, Heave! Your sons—Boob, Chap and Erkie—are all so wholesome and well-behaved! Doesn't it bother you that they're totally uninvolved in contemporary problems?
Nonsense! They're just like every other "now" teenager of 1971! They play Guy Mitchell records and "dip" when they dance and root for the Brooklyn Dodgers!


Say—uh—fellas! Blahbla and a lot of TV critics claim you're "unreal"—that you're not tuned in to the '70's! Let's have a word test to prove they're wrong! I'll say a "current phrase" and you tell me what it means!
"Pot Party"?
A place where they sell teflon frypans!
"The Chicago Seven"?
An auto race—like the "Indianapolis 500"!
"Watts Festival"?
An annual celebration at General Electric's "Light Bulb" Division!
"Huey Newton"?
A hollow cookie stuffed with figs!
You keep out of this! You're not even in the contest!

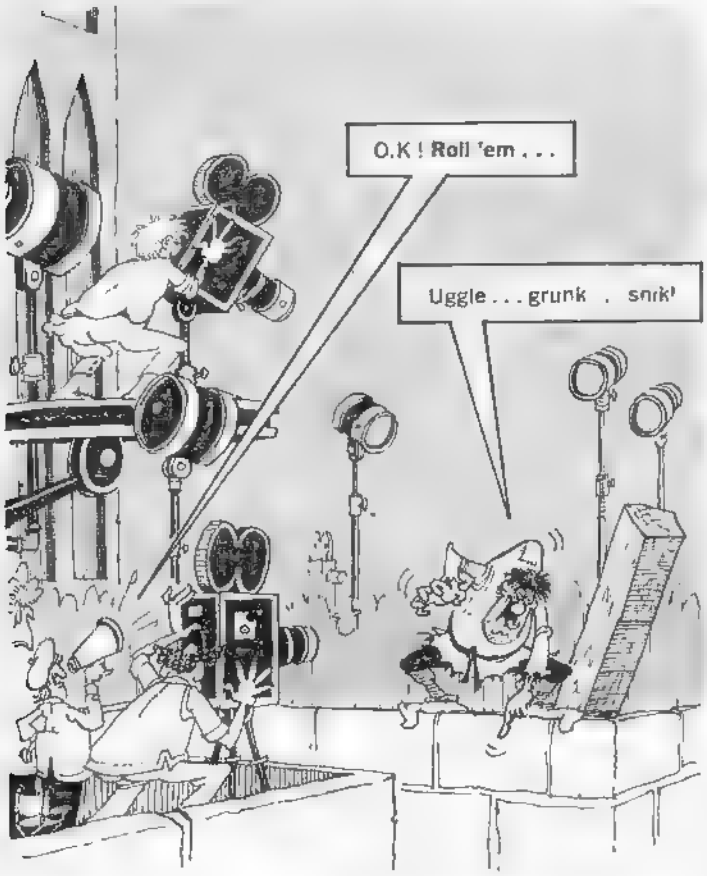
Gee, I can't understand how my kids can be so unaware of what's going on today!
Hey, don't hold me so close, Heave! You're hurting me with your "I Like Ike!" button!

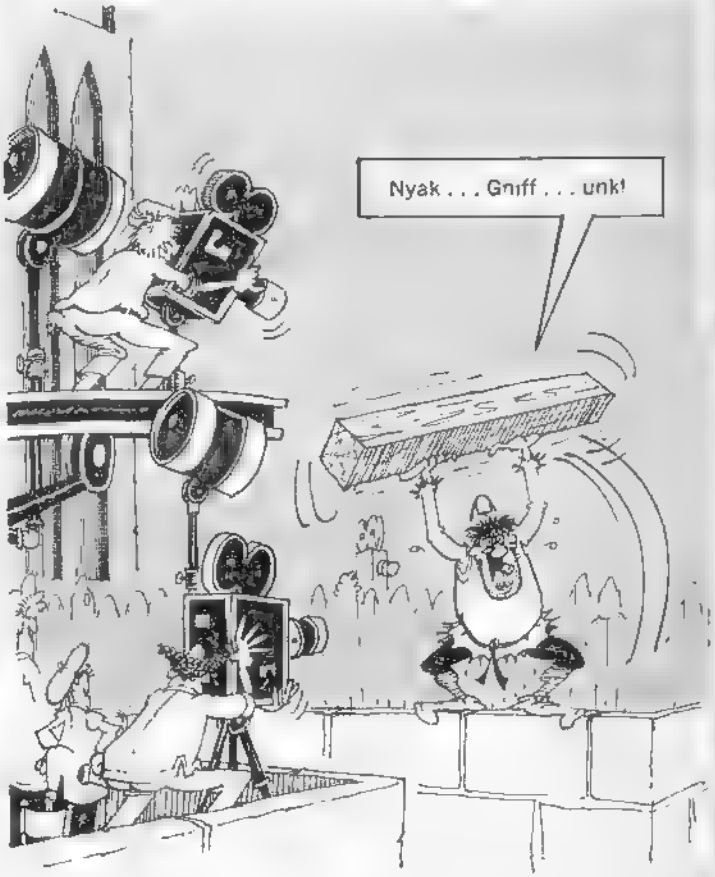

Heave, this is kind of personal, but ever since our honeymoon, I've felt you needed this book! Here's a present!
It's a copy of . . . "Everything You Always Wanted To Know About How To Move Your Lips While Acting But Were Afraid To Ask"!
Gee, I'd thank you, but I can't seem to form the words on my mouth!
Heave . . . how come you never talk about your first wife?
It's a sad story, Blahbla! We were married for eleven years and then she suddenly left me for an actor!
Really? Which actor was it?
Fatty Arbuckle!
Fatty Arbuckle?! But he's been dead for forty years!!
I know! She figured a dead man might not have my looks, but he certainly had the edge in personality!
Tell me, Boob . . . How's your—uh—wife, Cutie?
She's clean and good! She's the first decent thing that ever happened to me!
Gee! What brought THAT on?
Well, we've used up all the TV Situation Comedy cliches! I thought, for a refreshing change of pace, I'd throw one in from a "Grade B" movie!
Who was that on the phone, Cutie?
One of those sex perverts who get their kicks out of listening to girls' voices!
Gosh! What happened?
Nothing! As soon as I started talking, he fell asleep at the other end of the line!
While we're waiting for dinner, let's all play a little parlor game! It's called "How Dull." We each take turns describing how "dull" this show is!
Goodie! I'll start! It's as dull as a debate between Eddie Fisher and Karl Mundt!
It's as dull as holding a conversation with a machine gun!
Chap, it's your turn! Chap? CHAP!!
Zzzzzzzz!
Heave, I think this game was too dull for him!
Here y'are—steamed clams, prune whip and Gatorade! And finish eating fast!
What's your hurry, Uncle Chilly!
I wanna watch "The Flip Wilson Show"!
Oh, you dig his humor?
No, I dig his gowns!!

Say —uh— would you pass the salt, Boob?
Sure, Dad! How about some salt, Cutie?
No, but maybe Chap and Erkie want some!
No salt for me, Boob! But I'll have the pepper, Cutie!
Well, Boob, if you pass the salt to Blahbla and Dopie, then I can get the pepper to Erkie!
Uh—Okay, Chap! I'll take the salt from Blahbla and Dopie . . . and Erkie, you can give Uncle Chilly Pepper!
Y'know, it's at times like these that I miss "The Golden Age Of Television"!
You mean "Playhouse Ninety", "Studio One" and "Omnibus"?
No, I mean "Camp Runamuck", "Jackpot Bowling" and "O.K. Crackerby"!
Say, I just got the joke in that last panel! "Give Uncle CHILLY PEPPER"! Heh, heh! that was pretty nifty!
Heave, I sure wish you wouldn't talk during a Sea Food Dinner!
Huh? Why not?
It makes me nauseous to see clams YAWNING!
Well, Chap! So this is your new bride, Pilly!
Yes, Dad! We got married because we—uh— HAD to!
Not from SEX, Mr. Digless! The furthest we've gone is "Pre-Marital Giggling"!
We "HAD to" get married because the Producers FORCED us to! Our marriage was this season's "Rating Gimmick"!
He's right, Heave! Every year, they use another gimmick to pull the viewers back in again who— ordinarily—would be bored stiff!
Last year, it was YOUR wedding! And before that, it was the TRIPLETS! And before that, it was BOOB's marriage to CUTIE!!
What's it going to be NEXT season? Uncle CHILLY's marriage!
No, Chilly is hopeless! I've got something better planned! I'm adopting TWO BOYS!
You're gonna have FIVE Sonnyboys!? Wow! What a gimmick!
Uh-huh! They're kind of mixed up now, and desperately looking for a permanent home —especially one on a hit network show with a high rating . . .
Come on in, fellas!
Hi, Dick! Hi, Tommy!
Hi, Dad! Hi, Uncle Chilly! Hi, Chap! Hi, Boob!
Hi, Dad! Hi, Cutie! Hi, Pilly! Hi, Blahbla! Hi, Dopie . . .

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ON THE "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" SET





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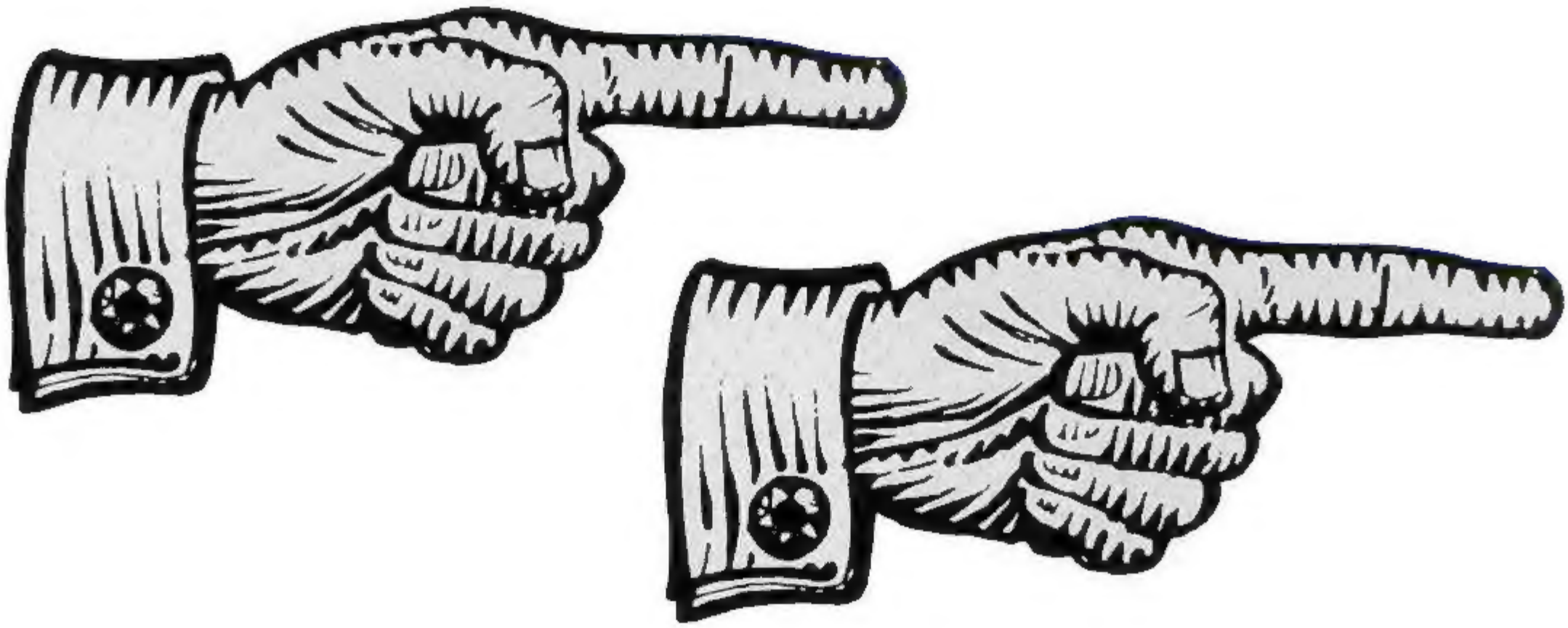

IN WHAT DANGEROUS DIRECTION ARE MILITANT REVOLUTIONARIES LEADING US?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

For many years, Militant Revolutionaries have been trying to bring about political and social changes in our nation. Now, at last, it looks as if they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. To find out the dangerous new direction we are now headed, fold in the page as shown.

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SIGN LANGUAGE

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